THE ROYAL

4D.

Your attention is directed to the offer on pages A, B, C, D, of advertisements.

No. 30. Vol. V.—April, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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Don't

THROW MONEY AWAY ON . . . DOUBTFUL . . . REMEDIES . . .

AND DO NOT BE INDUCED to buy an article of which little or nothing is known.

STOP BEING MISLED. The Proprietor of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

does not publish testimonials, but he could fill a volume with those he has received if he so pleased.

He is content to let **BEECHAM'S PILLS** stand on their own merits, knowing they recommend themselves; this they have done, are doing, and will continue to do.

REFRAIN FROM MAKING EXPERIMENTS with so-called remedies, but adhere to

BEECHAM'S PILLS,

the bridge that has probably carried you over many an anxious time.

But if you have never tried **BEECHAM'S PILLS,** then ask your parents or friends what they think of them, and judge by what they say; you can generally trust your own acquaintances, though there are some folks it is very hard to believe, just as there are some advertisements published which are open to grave suspicion.

You can get 56 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a box labelled 1s. 1½d.
You can get 168 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a box labelled 2s. 9d.

No other advertiser of a recognised first-class medicine gives such good value, so **WHY THROW AWAY MONEY ON DOUBTFUL AND UNTRIED REMEDIES?** BEECHAM'S PILLS have been before the public for over FIFTY years, and in spite of all opposition are to-day *MORE POPULAR THAN EVER,* and why?

Because **THEY RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.**

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TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle and the bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—*Rosebery.*

'Let us have faith that makes right, and in that faith let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we UNDERSTAND IT.'—*President Lincoln.*

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT RULE THIS LIFE,

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'

—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,

"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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COSTUMES & MANTLES
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

Sent by Parcel Post without delay.
Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

Patterns Sent Post Free

(together with the new Illustrated Fashion Catalogue) of any desired fabric in which these costumes are made.

SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 inches round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 inches; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 inches long in front. Any other size made to measure for 2/- extra.

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MODEL 1 at **15**/- or **30**/-.
Tailor-made and handsomely braided with black or black and white braid. Price in Vicuna cloth, **15**/-; carriage, 5d.; or in superior Wool Serge, made specially to measure and lined through for **30**/-, carriage free. Colours Black or Navy.

MODEL 504.—Girls' Sailor Outfit, made in Navy or Black Cheviot Serge, consisting of Skirt, Sailor Blouse, Flannel Vest, and a smart Sacque Reefer Coat, which is lined through. This is a particularly smart and useful Girls' Outfit, and specially good value for money.

21	24	27	30	33	36 in.
11/9	**12/9**	**13/9**	**15/-**	**16/6**	**18/-** each.

Also in strong Wool Serge—excellent quality.

13/9	**14/9**	**16/-**	**17/6**	**19/6**	**21/6** Carriage, 6d.

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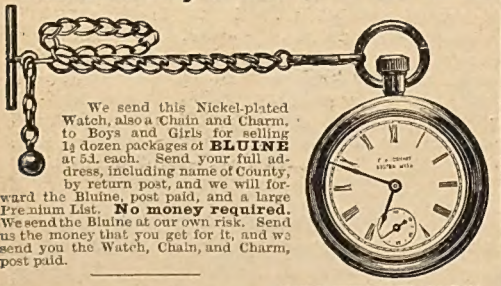

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AT WILL. Cross (X) Frames, Construction, Nickeling on Copper, Liquid Brazing, etc., are illustrated and described in the

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Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

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A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.
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BIRD'S CUSTARD is pure, creamlike, nutritious, and easily digested, therefore is eminently suitable for invalids. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet, for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree; BIRD'S Custard never.

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Have them well and comfortably shod, as you spend two thirds of your life in Boots. Ease and comfort in walking means added pleasure to your existence. With . .

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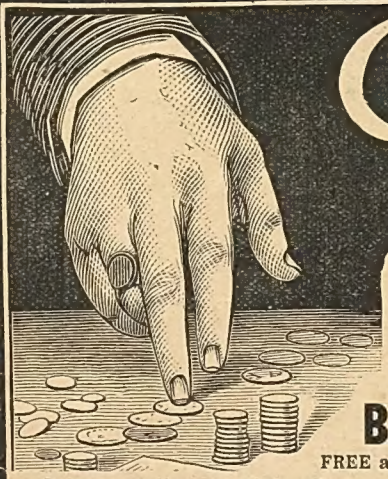

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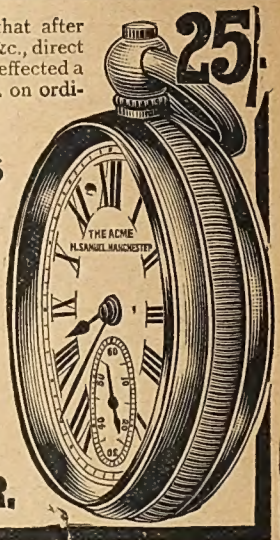

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The Purest and Best Smoking Mixture ever Produced.

To give more than **5d.** per ounce (**6/8** a lb.) for pipe tobacco, no matter what brand it is sold under, or who sells it, is pure folly. Money cannot buy a higher quality leaf than that used by the manufacturers of **Tortoise-Shell.**

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Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

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A Smart New Design in Ladies' Costumes. Best Value in the Market. Produced in Black or Navy, or any of the colourings of ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S **Specialite Serge or Venetian Cloth.** The bodice is tight-fitting, and is tastefully trimmed with bright flat braid, as shown in sketch. The skirt is cut full and well made. A splendid costume for **10/6**; securely packed and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

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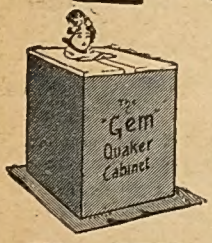

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Scientists say that impure water is a prolific cause of disease, and recommend the use only of distilled water for drinking purposes. The GEM Still will convert the most poisonous liquid into pure water, clear as crystal and pleasant to the palate. It is a simple, reliable sanitary appliance adapted to the needs of the household. Call and inspect it in operation. Valuable pamphlet free.

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on the following terms :—

CASH £10. 10s. **CREDIT** **£1. 1s.** down, and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea; or **£1. 1s.** down, and 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

Our special Parlour or Dining-room Suite consists of Couch Lady's and Gent's and 4 Small Chairs. In Solid Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany; luxuriously upholstered in best Imperial Saddlebags, richly embossed figured Velvet, or Crockett's best quality Leather Cloth, the backs being padded with the same material. In ordering, please state the wood and colours of coverings preferred. Extra Small Chairs can be supplied at 1 Guinea each. Every article is spring-seated. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, Ten Guineas cash, or One Guinea cash with order and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

This Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide and over 6ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels. Dressing Table with beautiful large bevelled mirror, 2 jewel drawers, 2 small drawers, and 2 extra large ones. Washstand fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, pedestal cupboard underneath, and towel-rail. 2 Cane-seated Chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak, and is solid throughout, every article being well-polished by hand labour. In ordering, please say wood required. Price, delivered free to any part of the United Kingdom, Ten Guineas cash, or One Guinea cash with order and 10 monthly payments of One Guinea each, or 21 monthly payments of Half a Guinea.

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ADJUSTABLE SADDLE,
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The rider may adjust the width of seat to suit himself.

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FOR ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION.

White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3yds. long, 56in. wide, 6/9 per pair; 3½yds., 7/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/- each. Samples of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, FANCY VELVETS, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c., Post Free. Lace and Muslin Curtains cleaned equal to new.

LACE CURTAINS

Direct from the Warehouse.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½yds. long, 52in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3yds. long, 52in wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long, 40in. wide. All Knitted edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Carpet Felts, &c., Post Free.

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Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6ft. by 9ft., 9/-; 7½ft. by 9ft., 11/3; 9ft. by 9ft., 13/6; 10½ft. by 9ft., 15/9; 12ft. by 9ft., 18/-; 13½ft. by 9ft., 20/3; 10½ft. by 10½ft., 18/6; 12ft. by 10½ft., 21/6; 13½ft. by 10½ft., 23/9; 12ft. by 12ft., 24/-; 13½ft. by 12ft., 27/-; 15ft. by 12ft., 30/-; 18ft. by 12ft., 36/-; 21ft. by 12ft., 42/-. HEARTHRUGS to match, 6ft. by 3ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0; 27in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 11d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free. Linoleum, Cork Carpet, &c.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67a Dept., Nottingham.

Trial Bottle, Post Free **7D.**

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GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Wes bourne Grove, London, W.

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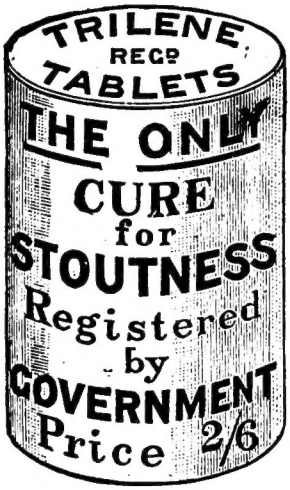
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

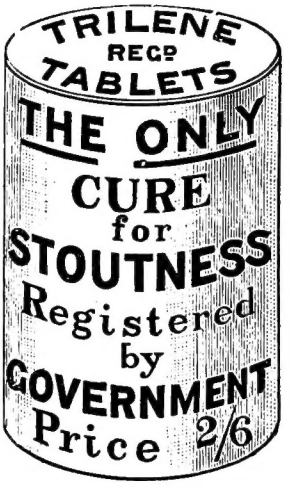


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. Boulton, of Filton Laundry, Filton, Bristol, says: "I am much better, my heart more regular; also Tablets reduced me greatly round hips and stomach."

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me. "(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

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G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

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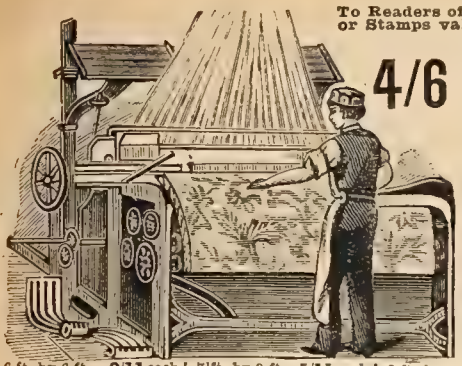

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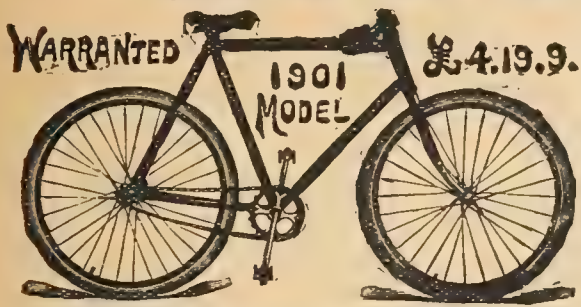

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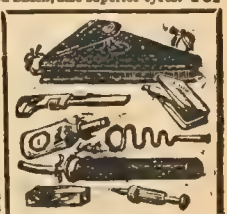

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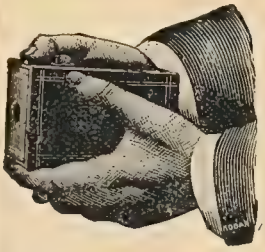

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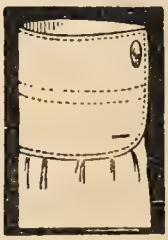

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third and fourth six months, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

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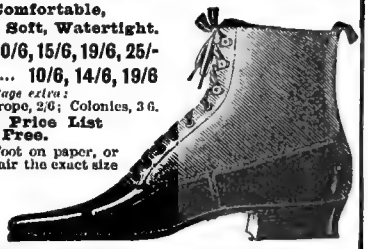

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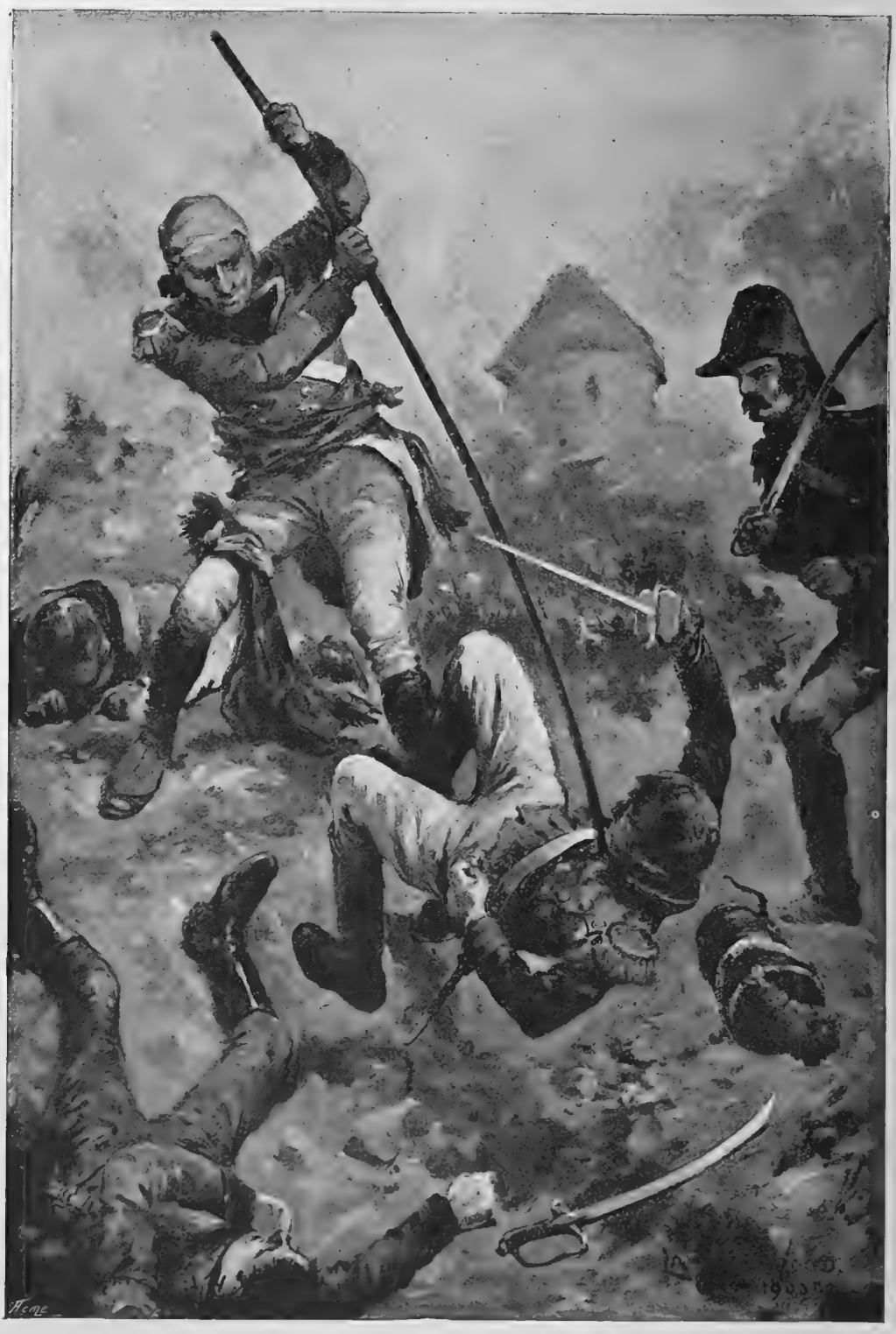

ENSIGN JOHN RENTON'S GALLANT DEFENCE OF THE FLAGS.

He tied his dead comrade's to his thigh, his own round his waist, and, armed only with the bare staff, saved them against heavy odds. (*See page* 518.)

Google

The Art of the Camera

Photo by E. T. Sheaf.

Queen Alexandra as a Photographer.

Both the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall and York are enthusiastic devotees of the camera; but Queen Alexandra is quite the best amateur photographer of the English Royal Family. She has practised the art for many years, and has a large collection of photographs, taken at various times and places, of scenes she has visited, and of relatives and friends. One of her most prized possessions is a tea set with a photograph of her own taking printed on every piece. A favourite subject of the Queen's camera is a crowd viewed from some eminence, especially when most of the faces, as, indeed, is generally the case, are upturned in her direction. When Queen Victoria arrived in London shortly before the relief of Ladysmith and greeted the crowds of enthusiastic Londoners from a window in Buckingham Palace, Queen Alexandra was stationed at a neighbouring window and took a unique snapshot of the cheering multitude beneath.

Photography and Crime.

As most people know, it has for many years past been the custom of our prison authorities to make photographs of criminals before they leave prison. Excellent as this method undoubtedly is, merely as a means of identification, it will, in all probability, shortly be given up. When it was first adopted there was comparatively little difficulty in running through the collection of photographs when it was required to know whether a prisoner had been previously convicted. To-day, however, the photographs have so accumulated that it takes an official accustomed to the work, on an average eight hours to identify his man. As this waste of time is likely to go on increasing, drastic changes are necessary, and it is the so-called Bartillon system that is to supersede the use of the camera—a system which consists in the registration of certain measurements, such as the length and breadth of the head, face, ears and fingers, and is capable of easy and

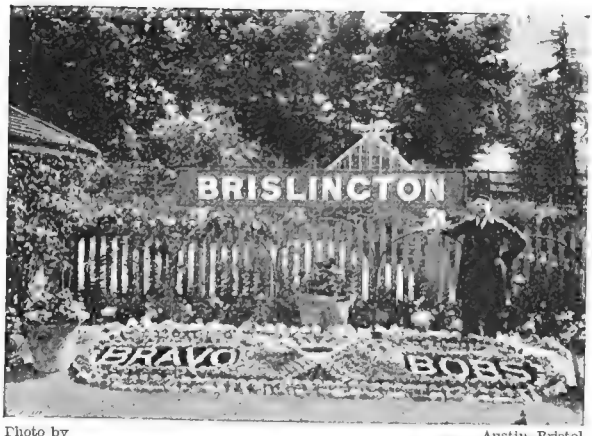

Photo by Austin, Bristol

A Stationmaster's Remarkable Tribute to Lord Roberts.

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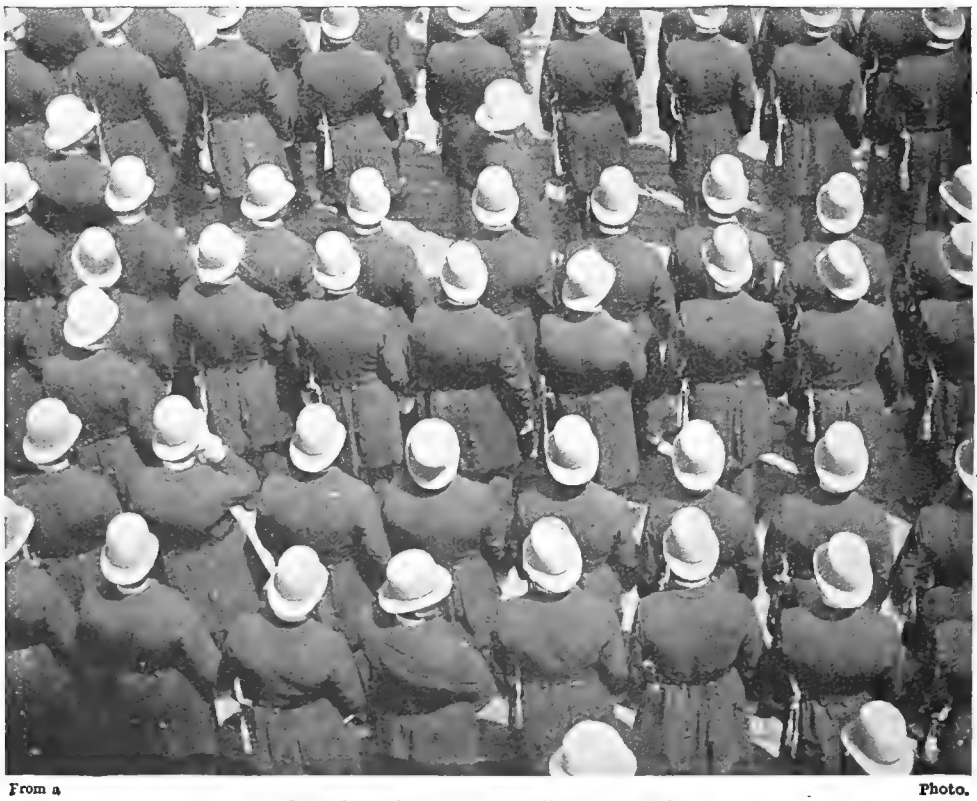
ingenious classification.

Photographing on the Human Skin.

Is it possible to photograph on the human skin? Until quite lately we should have been inclined to meet such a question with an emphatic denial. The experiments of a certain Mr. Dinkeresco, a Roumanian chemist, have brought us to a pause. This gentleman, it appears, has discovered a process by which a photograph can be permanently printed on the skin. This process is neither injurious nor painful, and the pictures are said to be as distinct as those printed on paper in the usual style. The chief drawbacks to the operation seem to be the time it takes to complete—three hours at the least, and its cost—five to ten guineas. The details of Mr. Dinkeresco's discovery are a profound secret, but we should be very much surprised if he guarantees the *permanence* of his photographs, having regard to the facts that, unlike tattooed pictures, they are merely superficial, and that our outer layer of skin is being perpetually renewed.

Photo by Charles F. Inston.

Two Gutter-snipes.



From a Photo.

Snapshot of New York Police on Parade.

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Photo by Harold M. Smith.

Tired of Play.

The Pen and the Camera.

THE modern writer must be a man of infinite accomplishments. He must have a knowledge of everything, or he can never hope to succeed. And photography is an art he would do well to acquire in these days when all manner of articles must be illustrated photographically, and fiction even begins to

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demand the same treatment. That Mr. Kipling is familiar with the photographic art all his readers must be well aware. But then, what art or science, profession or trade is Mr. Kipling wholly ignorant of? Whether he is a practical photographer is more than we can say. Miss Marie Corelli, though she hates being photographed herself, and puts critics and "snapshot fiends" in the same category, is an enthusiastic devotee of the camera; and among prominent writers who pass their leisure hours taking and developing photographs, are Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Robert Barr, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. W. L. Alden, Mr. Henry Norman, and Mr. John Bickerdyke.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles

A Sailor of the King.

A Photographic Trick.

A SHORT while ago a facetious young man went to a photographer to sit for his portrait. When the plate came to be developed, the photographer noticed to his amazement the clear outlines of a skull and crossbones right in the middle of his client's forehead. Putting down the strange phenomenon to some inexplicable imperfection in the plate, the photographer arranged a second sitting, when lo! the self-same skull and crossbones appeared on his client's forehead. In utter bewilderment he turned to the sitter, who, no longer able to control himself, burst into a shout of laughter, and afterwards gave his explanation of the mystery. He had painted the skull and crossbones on his forehead with a solution of sulphate of quinine, which, though invisible to the eye, acts as pure white to the photographic plate.

Beware of the Flashlight.

THE following very distressing accident happened a short while ago in Paris. It appears that a visitor to the Exhibition in an

Photo by W. A. Key.

In Mid-Air.

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Photo by W. and D. Downey.

A TRIUMPH OF MILLINERY.

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unlucky moment sat for his portrait before an automatic photographic apparatus worked on the sixpence-in-the-slot system. The camera being placed in a badly lighted spot, the magnesium flash was used. At the moment when the flash struck his face the sitter felt an acute pain in the left eye. He was given, a few minutes later, his photograph, which proved to have been over-exposed, showing that an excess of magnesium powder had been ignited for the flashlight. For three days after this the unlucky sitter continued to experience pain in his eye. The orb then became veiled with a yellow film, which changed later to a blue colour, growing opaque and entirely obscuring the sight. An oculist has diagnosed an injury to the cornea and pronounced it absolutely incurable. This is the second accident of a photographic nature which occurred at the Paris Exhibition; the other happened to a lady who went to the Exhibition to be X-rayed, trusting thus to cure some neuralgic pains in her head. The only effect of the operation was to deprive her of half her hair. She is now bringing an action against the operator.

From a Photo.

A Voyage to Fairyland.

Special Notice to all!

Nobody at all interested in photography should miss our next number, for in it we propose to publish a large assortment of the most remarkable instantaneous photographs ever taken. The beautiful, the humorous, the curious, will all be represented in these pages—a veritable feast for the layman as well as the photographer.

Photo by H. Bunnett.

"Two's company, three's none."

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THE sun poured down upon me with all the fulness of its summer strength, the trees above danced as the gentle breeze played upon them, and at my feet little sparrows hopped and chirped as if they found everything very good and just as it should be. I gazed at the river moving lazily onwards, and was fully conscious of the beauty around me; yet as I sat on that chair in the Temple Walk, there was, I believe, in my heart less of happiness or thankfulness than might have been found in any of the little chirpers around me.

And I had little cause for either, save that I was strong and sound, heart and limb—a sufficient reason, God knows. In our moments of failure, however, we are apt to forget our constant causes for gratitude. And I had failed terribly. I had come to the end of my resources; I had tried everything, but fortune refused to smile on me. Only last evening in desperation I had staked practically the whole of my small possessions on a single pass; and I had lost.

But that did not make much difference. For was I not out of favour with my Lord Clarendon, and who else in the whole realm could I hope to serve now? I was a younger son, and I had been a fool when success might have meant my Lord's constant favour. To have been sent by his Lordship on a special mission and then to have failed so utterly as I had. Pah! Outwitted, too, when I should have been most cunning! It made my blood boil. And then my Lord Clarendon's curt and proud dismissal: "I expected more of you, Sir George Fordham." My sword was sharp, and my hand itched to use it. I could have quarrelled with anyone for sheer pleasure. But of ways of replenishing my slender purse I could see none.

So far had I reached with my ruminations, when, raising my head, I saw my Lord Clarendon advancing along the walk, and almost opposite the point where I was seated. I would not now have sought a favour of him for the world, but I could do no less than rise and bow. He saw me, and to my astonishment, instead of passing proudly by with the merest acknowledgment, as was his wont, he beckoned me with a slight movement of his hand.

"I need someone I can trust," he said, "for an important affair."

"I am at your Lordship's service," I replied, "if your Lordship has still sufficient confidence in me."

With his customary curtness he made no answer to my query, but after thinking for a moment he continued:

"I shall be at Salisbury House at five o'clock, and will give orders that you see me directly you call."

He passed on, doubtless on a visit to one of the Bishops, and I watched his figure out of sight. For the moment I was considerably elated at the prospect before me. Spain vanished from my sight as I built a castle in England. And then I wondered what the cause could be of my Lord Clarendon's sudden change of front towards me. Something must have happened to induce him so soon to recall me. What could be the nature

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of the enterprise? Had this new task anything to do with the present state of England?

Having an hour or so to spend, I walked slowly down the Strand, and then turned off into "The Folly"—a floating house of entertainment on the Thames—now much resorted to by persons of quality for refreshment and pleasure. Already many people had gathered there, and the air was heavy with the buzz of voices. But I soon left, eager to keep my appointment punctually.

Lord Clarendon received me immediately, and quickly came to the matter on which he required my services.

"I trust to your secrecy in this matter, whether you accept the task or not," he remarked.

"Your Lordship has, I believe, had no reason to doubt me in that respect," I replied, somewhat warmly.

He nodded his head.

"You possibly do not know Lord Stanning," he said, "for he has not been at Court for several years now."

I assented that I had heard his name, but that was all.

"He resides in Yorkshire," he continued, "at Highcombe Hall."

He hesitated for a moment.

"He wears a signet ring—it is impossible to mistake it—a large ruby set in massive gold. I require that ring. Will you obtain it?"

At first I scarcely recognised what this request meant, but soon I saw that at best it would really be little less than stealing. And then it dawned upon me that the possession of the ring by my Lord might have very serious consequences on the life of Lord Stanning. It was scarcely the business of a gentleman. True, it was for the Lord Chancellor of England. But I liked it not.

My Lord Clarendon noticed my hesitation.

"You fear your inability to conduct such an affair?" he asked.

This was his first reference to my past failure. I felt nettled.

"Your Lordship must acknowledge that the business is somewhat peculiar," I suggested.

"It certainly requires tact," he agreed. "I have a dozen men at my beck and call who can carry out any ordinary task."

"Would it please your Lordship to acquaint me with the possible result to Lord Stanning in the case of my success?" I asked.

"Do you require to know my reasons for desiring to obtain the ring?" he said bluntly.

"I only wished to learn if my action would possibly be attended by serious consequences to Lord Stanning," I returned.

"Affairs of State," replied my Lord shortly. "You need not trouble. I anticipate no immediate harm."

He evidently would not say any more. Was that enough to satisfy me? I wavered. Here was my one chance of remaining in England. If I was successful it would mean position and ease to me, for my Lord was not ungenerous to those who served him well. And if I did not accept, someone else would, and only I should be the loser. Besides, it was after all for the Chancellor.

"Your Lordship shall have the ring as soon as I can obtain it," I said.

"Very well, Sir George," he replied. "If you need anything, draw upon me. I shall look for your return within a week or two at the outside."

I was far from pleased with the nature of the affair, but having accepted the commission from his Lordship, I determined to lose no chance of carrying it out to a successful issue. Accordingly after drawing upon him for a sufficient amount to tide me over a couple of weeks, I hired a nag and started for Yorkshire.

In due course I reached the vicinity of Highcombe Hall, but deeming it prudent not to lie too near my ultimate destination, I put up at the village of Farnley, some four or five miles distant. Here I soon learnt all the details about the residents at Highcombe. It appeared that at present only Lord Stanning and his ward, Lady Anne Marfield, were living at the Hall. They entertained very few visitors as a rule, for his Lordship, having retired from public life, preferred, as far as possible, the quietude of his country estate untainted by the bustle and gaiety which entertaining necessarily engendered.

The next day was heavy and overcast; the air was oppressive, and thunder clouds hung gloomily overhead. But it was plain I must move soon, so I determined to make a call at Highcombe under some pretext. About a mile from my destination one of my straps broke, and I had to dismount in order to patch it up. The black clouds loomed heavily, and all seemed still with expectancy. A few big drops fell, and then suddenly the thunder pealed out from above. Clap followed clap with a deafening and reverberating intensity, and then the heavens opened, and a deluge fell.

To reach shelter was impossible, and I had just reconciled myself to a wetting, when I heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs on

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the road beyond. As it approached, I saw that something had happened. The horse was galloping wildly, head forward, snorting loudly, evidently frightened by the thunder, and on its back a lady was clinging by rein and mane. If the brute was not stopped the pace meant certain injury or death to the rider, for she had apparently entirely lost control of the beast. As it reached me, I sprang to the rein and we rushed along. Luckily, for a few moments, I was able to keep my feet, and then half-stumbling, half-running, I was dragged along for a considerable distance. But my intervention was effectual, and at last we came to a standstill. Not a moment too soon, however, for as I turned my head to look at the rider, she slipped from her saddle and fell to the ground senseless. I knelt beside her and did my best to revive her. Slowly her consciousness returned, and looking around in a dazed manner, she at last remembered what had happened, and rising with difficulty, endeavoured to thank me. The rain still pelted down and we were both wet to the skin. Her steed had now become calm, so I turned to the lady and asked if I could assist her to mount. But as I moved I could not suppress a cry of pain, for I discovered that in the recent stumbling I had managed to sprain my ankle. I could not move my foot; I found it impossible to walk.

As it reached me, I sprang to the rein and we rushed along.

She came to me quickly, and a look of deep concern spread over her already pale features.

"You are hurt," she exclaimed in a voice deep and rich. "I am so sorry. Is it your foot?"

"I fancy my ankle has been twisted slightly," I said smilingly. "But do not trouble, madam. It is a mere nothing. I am well repaid in being able to render you so slight a service."

"But it hurts you," she continued. "I must bind it up. I can," and she smiled so sweetly that I turned round and suffered an extra sharp twitch.

So she took a long kerchief from her neck and proceeded to bind it round the injured member. I have that kerchief now; I thought she would not miss it.

"You must accept my hospitality," she said presently, "for I am sure my home must be much nearer than yours. The Hall is not more than a mile from here."

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The Hall! Of course, I might have guessed it. She must be Lady Anne. And this was to be my way in! I endeavoured to think that perhaps after all a deed could not be so bad when Fate thus aided me. Yet it seemed the meanest treachery to attempt my task when assisted by such a kind and trusting hand.

She fetched my nag which had waited where I left him down the road, and after considerable difficulty I mounted. She followed suit, and then we wended our way slowly towards Highcombe. Neither of us spoke, but I noticed that she glanced at me several times.

When we reached the Hall, I was assisted in, and my Lord Stanning, to whom Lady Anne quickly explained all, could not thank me too much for my services, and ordered everything that was possible to be done for my comfort.

My ankle was extremely weak, and for a couple of days I was obliged to use it as little as possible. Lady Anne was a constant nurse, bandaging it at intervals with cold water bandages, and ever eager to satisfy my needs. Before I was aware of it, I had lost my heart to her. As she bent her fair head before me, I thought the sun had never kissed tresses so beautiful, and then her brown eyes would send me a glance full of softness and concern or bright with the joy of life, or she would laugh, and 'twas like the music of the woods.

Was there ever so poor a fool as I? A mere beggarly adventurer, or worse; and I lifted my eyes to a beautiful heiress. And then the meanness of my task came back to me with renewed vigour, and I determined to give back my commission to my Lord Clarendon, shake myself free of the whole business, and try my luck abroad as I had first intended. Then other thoughts rushed through my mind. What could Lady Anne ever be to me? I should probably never see her again. And should I throw up my last chance of position and ease and employment for a sentimental attraction? Who cared what might happen to me? It was like throwing away fortune. Finally my reason conquered my heart, and I determined to bring my visit and my task to an end as soon as possible.

My Lord Stanning had received me more than kindly. He was a fine gentleman, middle-aged, and quiet, but proud, and, as I discovered, a Roman Catholic. I wondered whether this was the cause of the Lord Chancellor's present desire, and of my consequent presence at Highcombe Hall. Each evening after dinner Lady Anne had played and sung to us for a time with just the charm and sweetness one would have expected of her, and then Lord Stanning and I had played a hand or two with the cards, but not for money, as he had renounced all gambling I noticed that he always wore the ring on his second finger.

It was now the third day of my stay at Highcombe, and my foot being strong again, I decided, if possible, to carry out the plan I had formed in my mind, and finish my relations with Lord Stanning that evening. At dinner my Lady Anne seemed more charming than ever, but I hardened my heart as best I could, for I was determined to waver no longer. I could not go back to my Lord Clarendon as a fool once more. Better to be a knave for a moment—yes, far better, so I made myself think.

As usual Lady Anne left us at our wine. This was my opportunity. I had previously possessed myself of a drug, which would insure the drinker's almost immediate insensibility for half an hour. My Lord Stanning chatted in his pleasing way. He drank moderately, but by calling his attention to a picture hanging at the end of the room, I was enabled to empty the contents of the phial into his second glass unnoticed.

"As this is my last night at Highcombe," I said, "may I call for a toast, my Lord?"

"Ah! Sir George," he smiled, "I was not behind in such things once. Well, well, here's to His Majesty, the King."

Our glasses clinked and we drained them at a draught. The drug was potent, and my Lord Stanning, finding himself immediately drowsy, cast a wondering glance at me, but before he could say anything his head fell on his chest and he was senseless.

I noticed that the door of the room was slightly open, but refrained from closing it, thinking I should be the easier apprised of any possible intruder. Assuring myself that his Lordship was certainly insensible, I caught his hand and commenced my task. There was the ring I coveted, and the richness of the stone flashed as I turned it round. But it was not coming off as easily as I had hoped. Another ring, which was in front of it and had to be removed first, fitted tightly around the finger-joint. I have risked my life many times and felt no fear, but now my face burned and my fingers were nervous with a previously unknown dread. Several minutes passed and at last, after repeated efforts, I was successful. The signet ring slipped off,

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and I replaced the band I had removed in order to obtain it.

I breathed deeply as I held the ring at a distance to survey it before secreting it on my person, and as I raised my head I was unconsciously attracted by something strange in the mirror that hung opposite the door. It was at first but an unintentional glance that I gave, but with the recognition of the reflection I found myself unable to remove my eyes from the figure I saw. It was Lady Anne. She must have entered the room very quietly, and, intent as I had been upon my work, I had not noticed any movement behind me.

She did not move, but continued to look at me. I could feel her gaze burning into my very soul. And I stood there, the ring between my two fingers, and my eyes fixed on the mirror. The silence was terrible. I could hear my heart beating, as though 'twere a hammer pounding the dull earth. At last a clock struck the hour, and the spell was broken.

I turned round and met her gaze fixed fully upon me. But my eyes fell to earth, and I bowed my head. A man can fight a fighter and enjoy the battle; he can even face the fierceness of a woman's eyes. But there was nought of anger here; only sorrow and pain—an anguish unspoken.

Inwardly, I cursed the Chancellor, his influence, and everything attached to him, and myself as a fool, a knave, and worse. And then a sob escaped her, and I guessed what I had lost. Almost mechanically I turned round, and approaching my Lord Stanning, replaced the ring in the position it originally occupied. The idea of endeavouring still to keep it did not even present itself to me. Lady Anne did not move from the door.

Once more I faced her, and as I looked her lips opened, but gave forth no sound. At last the words reached me:

"I thought you were a gentleman," she said, and her voice was low and soft, with nought of sarcasm—only pain which she could not hide.

What could I say? I believe, too, that I was once.

She moved slowly from the door as I moved towards her, and then suddenly she stood still and pointed towards his Lordship, who remained in his drugged condition.

"Lord Stanning?" she asked.

"He will recover in less than half an hour," I assured her. "The drug I used is quite harmless."

She looked at her guardian and then at me, and dropped her face in her hands.

I again moved towards the door, and she did not attempt to stop me. I doubt if the thought of so doing even crossed her mind, although I was entirely in her power, for she could very easily have raised an alarm and hastened the servants to her. I reached the

I could hear my heart beating, as though 'twere a hammer pounding the dull earth.

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door, and was about to pass out, when, giving a last glance round, I saw her raise her head and make a movement towards me. A moment later, she asked me in a low tone, "Why did you? Tell me.'

Had her curiosity overcome her repulsion towards me, or did she care for me even more than I had dreamt possible? I wondered. At all events, I could do no less than endeavour to explain if that was her wish, though shame made me desire to go.

"It was a commission," I said.

"Ah!" she exclaimed curiously. "A commission—who from?"

I hesitated.

"I can scarcely say," I muttered. "It is not my secret."

"And you fear to taint your honour, I suppose."

She looked me up and down, and for once an expression of scorn passed over her soft features. I did not reply, and she burst into a cruel, bitter laugh.

"A common pilferer!" she exclaimed. "Any man's tool! Honour! You do not know what it means. To live as a guest for days, and then to turn round and—Ah! 'tis too low, too base. And you to think of honour now!"

It was true; I knew that. But it stung me to the quick. She had said it—she, of all the people in the world, the one whom I could least bear it from, the one who had most right to say it. My pride fell beneath her scorn. She must have seen how much she had hurt me, for almost immediately in a voice changed and soft as was its wont, she spoke again.

"Ah! forgive me," she said, "I did not mean it. No, I did not mean it. But I thought you might have told me who was Lord Stanning's enemy."

"My master is the Lord Chancellor," I replied immediately.

"Lord Clarendon!" she exclaimed, and a thoughtful frown gathered on her brow. "I see. I did not think he bore Lord Stanning ill-will after so long a retirement. Do you know what peril your action would have placed my guardian in? Is it because of his religious views?"

"It may be, my Lady," I replied, "but I gathered from my Lord Clarendon that he meditated no great harm on Lord Stanning. As to the reasons of my Lord Clarendon's desire for the ring, I know nothing, on my—" I was about to say "honour" but I stayed myself in time. She noticed my unfinished sentence and her face coloured.

"I am sorry," she said, "I did not mean it."

Did I hear aright? Twice she had spoken thus. My heart beat at the thought of unhoped-for joy.

"My Lady," I replied, "you were quite right. I am all that you said, and more, far more. You could not speak too hardly of me."

"Why did you accept such a commision?" she asked.

I looked at her, and her eyes were kind, although her face was troubled. Could I tell her all?

"Would you really care to know?" I said. "If not, pray send me away."

"I have asked," she replied.

"I was weak," I began, "and ill fortune seemed to dog my steps. I had failed and could obtain no influence. I had determined to leave England, to lend my sword to Spain. And then my Lord Clarendon offered me this chance of retrieving my fortune. I did not like it, but I accepted. I felt the taint, but it was for the Chancellor, and success might mean much to me."

I stopped, but she did not speak. Why should I not tell her all?

"It was by chance I met your Ladyship," I continued. "Fortune opened my entrance into Highcombe. Each hour I hated my task more; each hour I learnt what a good woman could be. I looked at you and I hated myself. I cursed the fate that had hopelessly led me to you—I, a penniless adventurer, you—I could not hope that you—I determined to execute my commision at all costs. Can you guess all else?"

"I think I can," she murmured, and held out her hand. I took it to my lips.

"And was my hope too great, too foolish?"

"To hope is never foolish," she said, "it is fear which is weak."

"And I feared. The distance between us was so great."

"Could not love bridge it?" she asked.

"Lady Anne," I cried, "can you forgive me?"

"You may still hope," she answered.

"I will always," I said. "I shall never forget," and I moved towards the door.

"Where do you go?" she asked.

"To my Lord Clarendon to renounce his service."

She nodded her head.

"I shall tell Lord Stanning everything," she said.

I glanced at him. He was still in the

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same condition, but would certainly recover very quickly now.

"It will be best," I agreed.

I kissed her hand once more.

"Farewell, my Lady," I cried, and rushed from the room.

Once free from my present commission, what might I not hope for? The thought lent me speed. The face of all things had changed. I could see joy and love and happiness, where before had been a dreary waste of hopelessness.

My nag was soon saddled, and I was off. On the following day when I had reached about half way to London, whilst resting at an inn, I was startled by the sudden news of the fall of my Lord Clarendon. The King had at last thrown him over, and he was to be tried on a long list of articles. When I reached London, I found the rumour to be correct. My service had ended, my commission was no longer of any import, for my Lord Clarendon was doubtless now engaged in preparing a defence.

My fortune changed. Through an unknown channel, which I afterwards discovered to be none other than my Lady Anne, I was offered a post at Court. And need I add that when I put down my pen and pass to that room at the end of the passage, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing sweetly, the face that will smile at me as I enter and the arms that will be stretched out to meet me are those of that same benefactor? I hoped and I won; my degradation heralded the new morn of my life.

"I think I can," she murmured, and held out her hand. I took it to my lips.

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His Britannic Majesty

Showing King Edward as he appears in all the various private and public engagements which form so large a part of his life.

By Pat Brooklyn.

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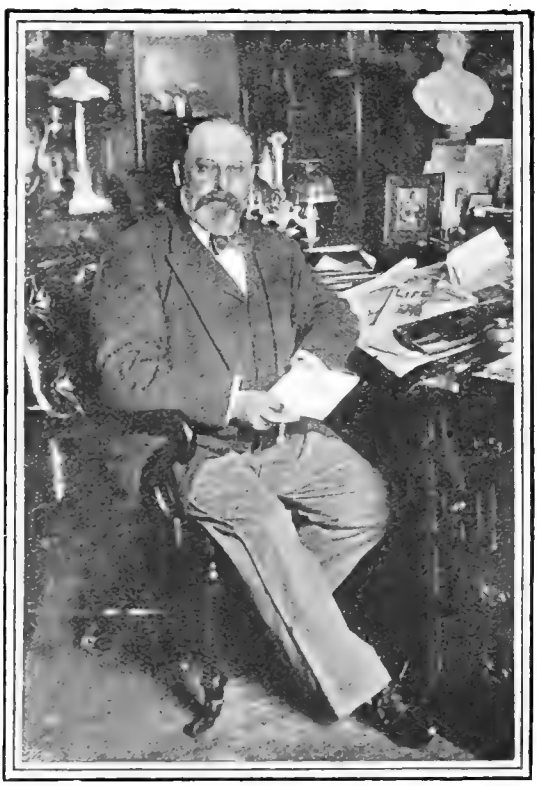

Photo by Russell.

The King attending to his correspondence in his private study at Marlborough House.

To quote all the titles, ranks and decorations of the King would take up too much space in so brief an article as the following. I will, therefore, content myself with quoting merely the most important.

His Majesty King Edward VII. of Great Britain and Ireland (formerly the most high, Puissant and Illustrious Prince, Albert Edward Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales); Duke of Saxony, Earl of Chester, of Carrick and of Dublin; Baron of Renfrew; K.G., K.T., K.P., G.M.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., F.C.; Field Marshal in the Army and Honorary Admiral of the Fleet; Colonel in Chief of the Household Cavalry and of the Gordon Highlanders; Colonel of the 10th Hussars; etc., etc., etc.; Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, Bencher of the Middle Temple, etc., etc., etc.—such are a few of the titles, ranks and decorations of His Majesty the King.

Besides being the first gentleman of England, the King is, without doubt, the most popular, for his kindliness, tact, and remarkable gift of making anyone feel at ease when in his presence, have endeared him not only to his friends and acquaintances, but indirectly to the whole nation. The King, if I may be permitted to use the expression, is the best of good fellows, and better still—the truest of friends; he is slow to take offence, yet always dignified, ready to extend his help and sympathy to those who may be in need of them, and quick to observe and appreciate the sterling qualities of every man with whom he has to do.

Personally, it has been my privilege to come in contact with His Majesty, when still Prince of Wales, on more than one occasion, and those meetings, brief as most of them were, will always remain among my most treasured memories. I think the meeting to which I look back upon with the greatest pleasure, was at a large fire which raged in London some years ago. Doubtless the King has forgotten all about it by now, but with me the memory of his kindness and consideration will always remain. His Majesty had driven up unattended from one of the clubs to the scene of the conflagration. I happened, by the merest chance, to be standing a few yards from where his cab had come to a standstill. Seeing me taking notes, he called me to the cab door and asked me for particulars. I gave him such information as I could, and did my best to obtain more for him, he being naturally loth to leave the cab and draw attention to himself. For nearly an hour I stood in the road answering the questions that were put to me; then, all of a sudden, he noticed my forlorn condition, for it was pouring with rain and I was hatless, and with nothing better than house-

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shoes on my feet, having rushed out of my rooms just as I was when the fire engines passed by. The King asked me to get into the cab.

"You can see just as well from here," he said, "and it's much warmer."

Taking out his cigar case, he selected a cigar for himself, and turning to me, asked me if I would not smoke. "It will keep out the cold, you know," he remarked with a smile.

Well, I took the proffered cigar, and determining to keep it as a souvenir, quietly placed it in my pocket-book, the moment I thought the action would escape his notice.

"Why, are you not going to smoke?" he asked after a while, and it was then that I was forced to own that I had recognised him. For up to that moment I had kept my knowledge to myself. "I would rather keep it if I may, your Royal Highness," I replied; "it is not every day that I receive a cigar from the Prince of Wales."

He promptly pulled out his cigar case again. "Well, have another," he said with a laugh—"but to smoke this time." When he drove away he thanked me warmly for the information I had given him, expressing himself in such terms as to make me feel that I had done him an inestimable service.

If ever anyone deserved the description—"a busy man," it was the Prince of Wales, and the position of King is certain to bring with it an increase of duties. There are, indeed, very few commercial or professional men who had more to do than His Majesty, when still Prince of Wales. The general public can have no idea of the immense amount of work he managed to get through in the course of a day.

Photo by Downey.

King Edward as Grand Master of the Freemasons.

In this article it is proposed to reproduce photographs showing His Majesty in a few of the many uniforms he wears according to his various ranks and appointments, and snapshots of him as he appears on sundry official and unofficial occasions.

One had only to glance through the Court News for any week during the London Season, to see how fully the King's time, before he came to the throne, was taken up with social and public engagements, and to get an idea of the vast number of official positions he filled. To-day these positions have certainly increased, and it is only by adhering to a precise and methodical arrangement of his time, that he is able to perform with such unfailing exactitude his multifarious duties. As a

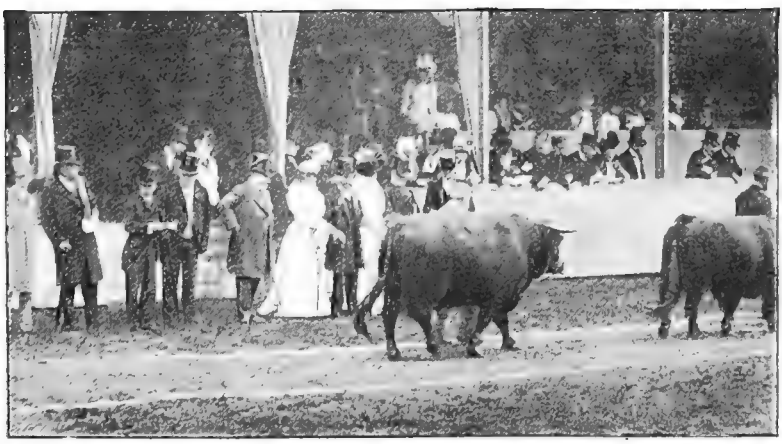

Photo by The Biograph Co.

The King and Royal party inspecting the prize-winners at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at York.

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Photo by The Biograph Co.

His Majesty inspecting a contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry at Albany Barracks, Regent's Park.

matter of fact, all his engagements, both social and public, are made weeks and often months ahead. Every hour, almost every minute of the day, is mapped out for him.

His first proceeding in the morning is to attend to the immense pile of correspondence which he receives from all parts of the world, every day, year in and year out. The photograph, reproduced at the head of this article, shows the King as a man of affairs, in his study at Marlborough House. None but his most intimate friends are admitted to this room. It is strictly a place of work, and is so unpretentious and plainly furnished, that it looks more like the office of a hard-working and successful man of business, than the study of the King of England. By the way, the old-fashioned pedestal desk shown in the photograph, is modelled exactly on that which was used by the late Prince Consort.

As may easily be imagined, the work of dealing with the King's daily correspondence is very heavy. Most of it devolves upon his private secretary, Sir Francis Knollys, but this is only one of his many duties.

Even in the days before the Prince of Wales became King, his daily correspondence was enormous. It is the misfortune of all great personages to be assailed

Photo by The Biograph Co.

The King as Field Marshal at a review at Aldershot.

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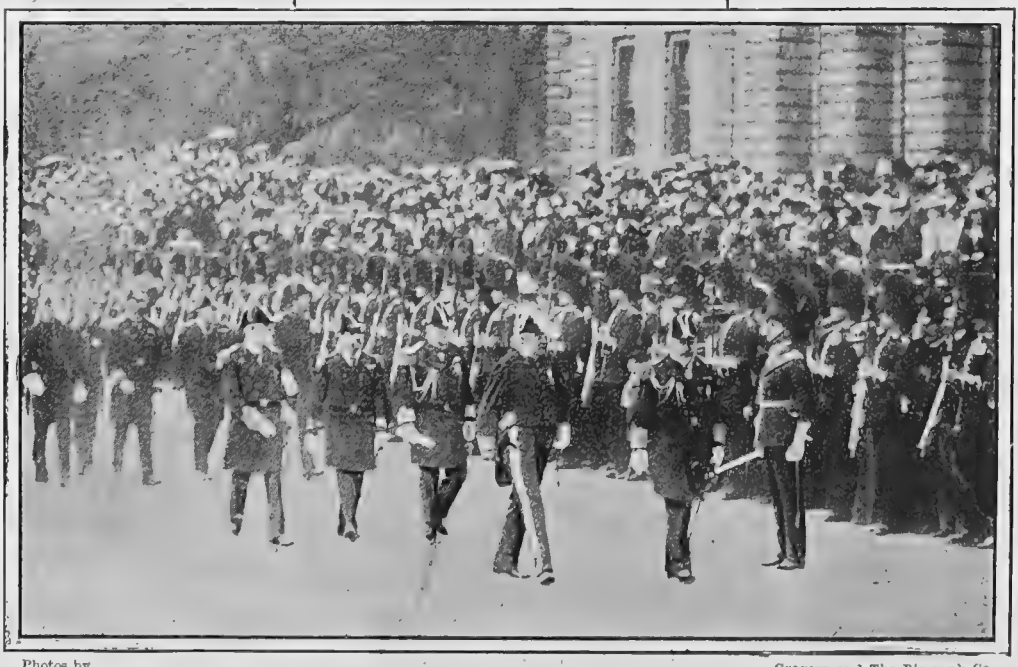
by begging-letter writers, people with "a grievance," and inmates of lunatic asylums, and His Majesty is no exception to this rule. His daily post-bag is always divided into three sections—the private letters which are sent to the Prince to be opened, the business letters (which are attended to by Sir Francis and his assistants), and the miscellaneous letters—including those of the types just mentioned—which are dealt with according to their requirements.

In addition to his ordinary secretarial duties, Sir Francis Knollys keeps the list of all His Majesty's engagements and arranges all the details of his journeys. In order to show how carefully these duties are fulfilled, it is only necessary to mention that in spite of the multitudinous calls upon the King's time, he scarcely ever misses or is late for an appointment.

In 1868 the King was initiated into the mysteries of the ancient craft of Freemasonry by the late King of Sweden, and since that time he has always been closely associated with the order. In 1875 he was elected Grand Master of England—which position I hear, the moment of going to press, that he is about to resign—in succession to the Marquis of Ripon, and his installation in the Albert Hall was the occasion of a historic spectacle, the



Photos by Gregory and The Biograph Co

The first illustration on this page shows the King as Colonel-in-Chief of the 10th Hussars; in the second he is welcoming, in his capacity of Admiral of the Fleet, the Naval Brigade of the *Powerful*.

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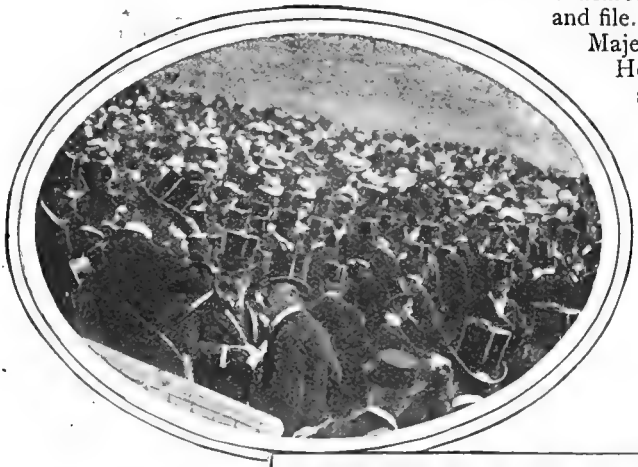
building being decorated with the utmost magnificence.

Of all the occasions on which the Prince has appeared in his Masonic capacity, perhaps the most interesting were on the occasions of the Jubilee in 1887 and the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. At the first of these the sum of £6000 was received for admission tickets alone, and was divided among the three great Masonic charities.

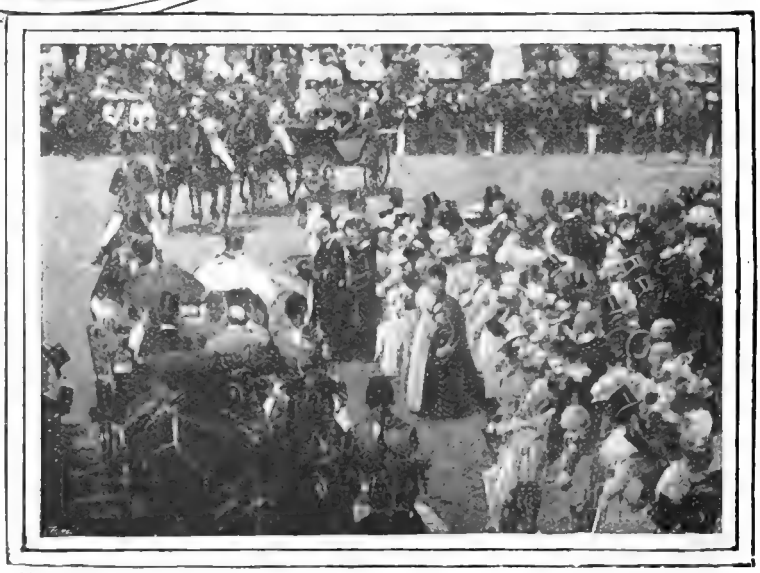


The King smiling his thanks to the congratulations of various friends when his horse, "Diamond Jubilee," won the Derby.

The Prince of Wales, as everybody knows, was one of the holders of a Field Marshal's baton. Whether he will retain this position as King it is impossible to say. In another of our illustrations he is seen in full uniform at a review at Aldershot. To the left of the picture, we find the Duke of Cambridge, also a Field Marshal, talking to the Prince.

During the war His Majesty has been called upon many times to inspect troops prior to their departure for the Cape, and has never failed to perform this duty whenever it lay in his power to do so. Indeed, he has often given up his few leisure moments in order to attend some parade or other, and to give the departing troops his good wishes and a few words of advice. No one who has heard His Majesty speak on such an occasion will ever forget his words, which are not those of a man performing an obnoxious duty, but are sincerely uttered straight from the heart. And it is this doubtless, which has so endeared the King to the Army, both rank and file. In our photograph we show His Majesty in the undress uniform of a Headquarter Staff Officer, inspecting a contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry at the Albany Barracks, Regent's Park.

As a judge of live stock and an expert in all matters connected with it, the King has few equals, and in another photograph we see him at the Royal Agricultural Show accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, and other members of the Royal Family, watching the parade of the prize winners. It was when posing for this photograph that the King gave another instance of that unfailing good-nature and thoughtfulness which have won for him the unique popularity he enjoys at home and abroad. The picture in question was taken by the Biograph Company, the camera being placed, by special permission, directly facing the Royal Box. When the operator



Photos by The Biograph Co.

The King arriving at Ascot.

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Photo by Gregory.

The King and Queen at the inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company.

arrived on the scene and started making his preparations, he discovered to his consternation that the interior of the Royal Box was so much in the shadow that its occupants would have been practically undistinguishable in the picture. He was about to abandon the attempt altogether when one of the Royal party informed the King of the situation. "Oh, if that's all," he replied, "the difficulty's soon got over. We'll stand outside." And accompanied by the other Royal Personages, he allowed himself to be placed in a position favourable for the taking of the picture.

Photo by Downey.

His Majesty as Chancellor of the University of Wales.

King Edward, who in his capacity of Admiral of the Fleet, represented Queen Victoria at the Diamond Jubilee Naval Review at Spithead, takes an extraordinary interest in all matters concerning the Navy, and entertains a special liking for naval men. He is known to be one of those who believe that their country's greatness depends almost solely on her "first line of defence," and uphold the policy that disregards all expense and sacrifice so long as the Navy maintains a supreme and unrivalled position among the other navies of the world. No man could be more enthusiastic than the King when the Navy in any way distinguishes itself, and on the occa-

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Photo by Downey.

The King leaving Sandringham House for a drive in the Park.

sion of the visit to London of the Naval Brigade of *The Powerful*, His Majesty, in the full uniform of Admiral, was the first to welcome it.

King Edward's connection with the Turf is too well-known to require detailed mention in this article. But it will come as news to the majority of people to learn that although His Majesty owns race-horses and attends all the principal races, he is strongly antagonistic to betting, and has for many years past done all he could and used all his personal influence to discourage the practice, and particularly for heavy stakes. When in 1896 a horse of his own breeding, the famous "Persimmon," not only won the Derby but established a record, the wild delight of the crowd at Epsom very conclusively proved the King's unrivalled popularity, and Diamond Jubilee's victory four years later was no less enthusiastically received.

Both the King and the Queen are passionately fond of horses, and when at Sandringham, pay almost daily visits to the stables. The stable-room is one of the most interesting portions of these buildings. It contains a large assortment of beautiful harness, gold and silver-plated, and the walls are full of interesting photographs, paintings and relics of old favourites. Perhaps the most remarkable memento there is Mr. John Porter's silver wedding-gift to his Royal patrons: the name "Ormonde" woven from famous race-horses' hair on a white velvet tablet, surmounted by the Prince of Wales's feathers and surrounded by a silver frame. The border contains pieces of hair from thirty-three famous winners, the name of each being in silver letters underneath.

Photo by The Biograph Co.

King Edward as a country squire, attending a sale of stock on his Sandringham estate.

A few words concerning the King's wardrobe will not be out of place. Nearly every official appointment that he holds requires that he should have some uniform or robe, and these are very often exceedingly costly. Every military appointment necessitates the possession of four complete uniforms—full dress,

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undress, mess jacket, and cloak. Anyone at all familiar with military matters will know what an outlay all this requires, when they consider the number of merely military appointments the King holds. His official wardrobe is, as a matter of fact, valued at several thousands of pounds, and requires the constant attention of several valets to keep it in order. The King is always spoken of as "the best dressed man in Europe"; and this he undoubtedly is, although there is never anything in any way ostentatious about his apparel. His usual dress is a dark frock coat, striped trousers, and patent leather boots, and it is in this style of dress that he makes calls and attends afternoon receptions and garden parties.

When Prince of Wales, His Majesty was always happiest when living the life of a country squire at Sandringham. He is unaffectedly absorbed in all matters agricultural. "It is impossible," he once said at a public meeting, "for any British gentleman to live at his country place without taking an interest in agriculture, and in all those things which concern the farmers of this great country."

Photo by Lafayette.

At the Duchess of Devonshire's great Diamond Jubilee Ball the King wore the costume of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta.

Photo by The Biograph Co.

The King leaving Marlborough House to hold a *levée*.

Photo by Lafayette.

His Majesty in the costume he loves best, and accompanied by his favourite bull-dog, Peter.

His Presidency of the Royal Agricultural Society he takes with the utmost seriousness, and no man is a keener competitor at the various national and local shows than he. An accompanying picture shows him in attendance at one of the periodical stock sales on his Sandringham estate, and the camera has caught him in the act of smiling a welcome to some friend.

One of the King's favourite recreations is yachting, and there is no event to which he looks forward to with keener anticipation and pleasure than the annual regatta at Cowes. This may, perhaps, be due to the fact that fortune has always favoured him as a yachtsman. In 1877 His Majesty won the Queen's Cup, which is annually presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, with his 198-ton schooner *Hildegarde*. Again, in 1880, he came off victor with the *Formosa*, a cutter of 103 tons, and in 1895 and 1897 he won the Cup a third and a fourth time with the world-famous cutter *Britannia*, of 151 tons.

The annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron is held usually at the old castle at West Cowes, the King generally taking the chair. He presented, a few years ago, twenty-one cannon to the club-house at Cowes. These were taken by

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him from the *Royal Adelaide*, the toy warship which William IV. placed to guard Virginia Water. To-day they are used merely for firing salutes.

Photo by The Biograph Co.
His Majesty in German uniform, on the occasion of the Emperor William's visit in 1899.

The King, like the majority of the Royal Family, is closely connected with many benevolent and charitable institutions. He takes especial interest in the work of the Housing of the Poor Commission. He has always been a patron of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, and whenever he takes a hansom cab, the cabby may be sure that his fare will be a liberal one. In almost every branch of charity the influence of the King is felt. From his high position a certain amount of publicity in whatever he does is inevitable. But great as have been his public acts of charity, those done in private have been, if possible, more numerous, and Marlborough House has always been the source of a ready and handsome subscription whenever a calamity or accident affecting British subjects in any part of the Empire has called for it.

And then, again, whenever the King or Queen Alexandra happen to be at any philanthropic gathering, their mere presence is certain to influence, directly or indirectly, the charitable instincts, and bring in large sums of money. On the occasion when their Majesties first appeared together as Prince and Princess of Wales, in support of a deserving charity—the British Orphan Asylum at Slough—one gentleman announced that he would contribute £12,000.

The King is very careful in the selection of tradesmen on whom to confer the advantage of his custom. Only those who are in every way worthy of the honour are recipients of Royal Warrants, and no tradesman can become a Warrant Holder without having first supplied the King's household for one year in a satisfactory manner. Any tradesman who sends in his account twice over is never again patronised by their Majesties.

King Edward has still to be crowned, but we know that he is just the right man in the right place. His wide experience, and knowledge, his high intelligence, captivating amicability, his eloquence and industry—all fit him for the high post he occupies.

Photo by A. Debenham.
King Edward and Sir Harry Keppel. His Majesty is dressed in his usual yachting costume.

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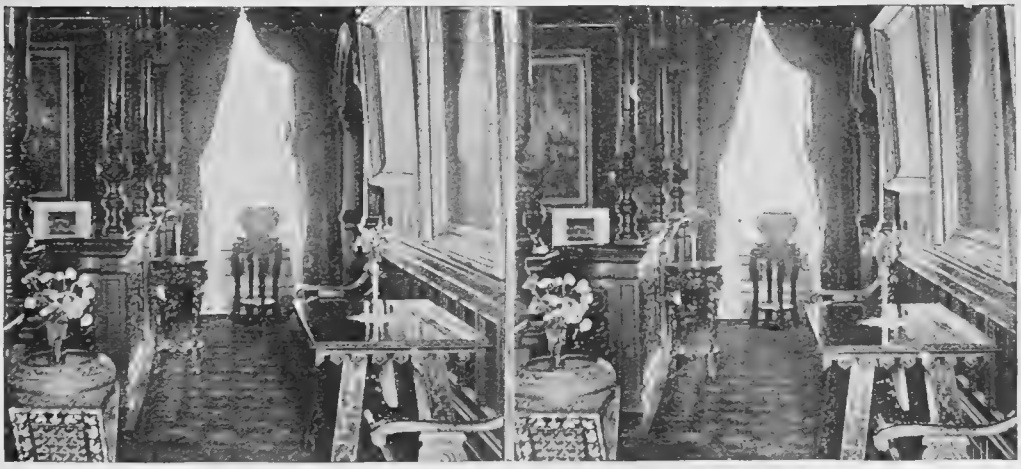
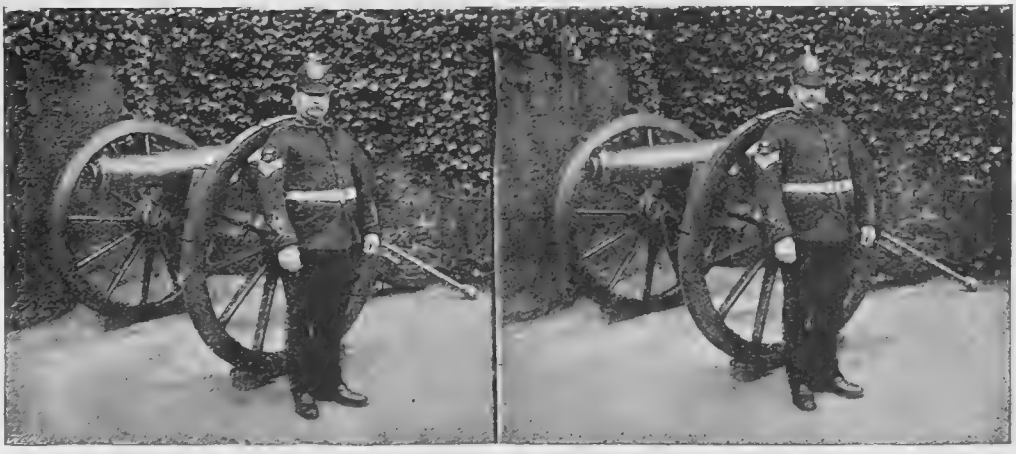
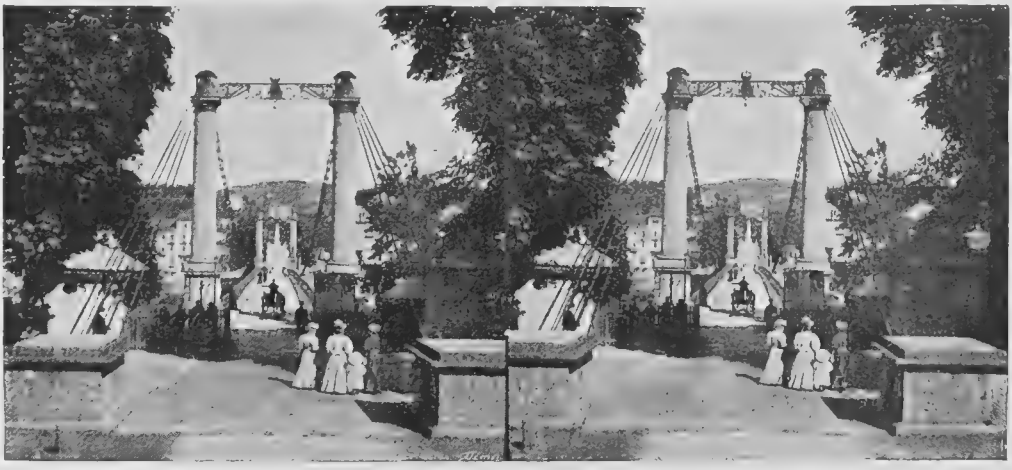
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.



A rich interior.



An artilleryman.



The iron bridge over the Po at Turin.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

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The courtyard, Lewes Castle.

Our Stereoscopic Gallery will in future——

——be continued weekly in——

"How are you?"

Fishing from the breakwater.

——"Short Stories," 1d., Tuesday.

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Aunt Kitty's Burglar

By Anna Bolton.

"Kitty, I don't half like leaving you, but you see there's no help for it, is there?"

"Why, you needn't bother about me, Alice, I shall be all right. The children will keep me lively, and after they have gone to bed I shall find a nice book, and amuse myself that way. It's you and Tom I'm thinking about—especially you—obliged to turn out-of-doors this dreadful night. Is it really necessary?"

"Well, the poor thing has sent to beg me to go to her, and I don't like to refuse."

"What it is to be a doctor's wife, and the best nurse in the county! Just listen to the wind and the rain! It isn't fit for either of you to be out in it."

"It won't hurt us, well wrapped up. Tom is used to it, and I shouldn't mind so much for myself if it were not for leaving you alone. Good-bye, dear, and be sure not to let the boys worry you, and don't sit up for us unless you like. It may be twelve o'clock, or even later, before we are home again."

I followed her to the door, and saw them start off in the high dog-cart—my brother and his clever, practical wife, to whom I had just come on a visit. The rain sprinkled me plentifully, even in the short time I was standing on the steps, and I was not sorry to close the door again and shut out the wild night.

It was rather too bad to fetch them out like this the first evening of my stay, I thought. Of course, a doctor's time is never his own, and if there should come worse weather than usual, he is pretty certain to be called upon to make a journey to some one or other of his out-lying patients. In this case the patient had sent, not only for the doctor, but also for the doctor's wife. Certainly it is flattering for Alice that her husband's patients consider her opinion at least equal to that of another professional man, in a difficult or complicated case that calls for consultation; but it is an honour that has its drawbacks.

I had hardly had time to settle myself in the most comfortable easy-chair when the door opened with a rush, and in dashed my two small nephews, breathless with a race from the top of the stairs.

"Auntie, you're going to tell us a story," shouted the eldest hope, who was always called Pip by his family, perhaps because he had been named Thomas after his father, and the names were found to clash. "Please!" he added with an after-thought, fearing refusal unless tardy politeness came to the rescue.

"Please, Auntie, a 'tory!" echoed sweet little baby Frank, leaning against my knee, and looking up at me with his big, beseeching grey eyes, "a 'tory 'bout wobbers."

"About robbers, Frankie! But you'll be frightened, won't you?"

"Fwightened, no!" with much scorn at the suggestion. "Fwank's never fwightened at wobbers."

So I began, and one tale led to another, until nurse came to fetch her unwilling charges away to dream of robbers and giants and fairies in the land of Nod.

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I walked over to the window when at last they had gone, and stood there for some time watching the wind-blown trees, and deploring the havoc that the storm had made with the flowers in the garden-beds. Torn by the wind, dashed and battered by the heavy rain they lay, with here and there among them a branch blown from a neighbouring tree, making their ruin more complete. It was really sad to see, especially as things seemed getting worse rather than better; and with a hope that Tom and Alice were by this time at least safely sheltered until their return journey, I turned away, and opening the piano soon lost myself completely, as usual, to the outside world. More than an hour I played on, wandering from one favourite air to another until daylight had quite gone, and Joan, the housemaid, appeared with a tray of wine and cake and biscuits for my refreshment.

"Why, Joan, it's not long since dinner! I haven't had time to get hungry again yet," I exclaimed.

"It's after nine o'clock, miss," the girl answered, smiling. "Mistress gave me particular orders to bring you something before I went to bed. I think you'd like that cake, Miss Kitty."

Joan was an old servant and privileged. More to please her than because I really wanted anything, I took a piece of the cake and drank half-a-glass of wine, while she lighted the lamp and drew down the blinds and made the room cosy.

"Is there anything more I can do, miss?" she asked. "Would you like me to sit up until you go to bed yourself? It's rather lonesome for you with no one else downstairs."

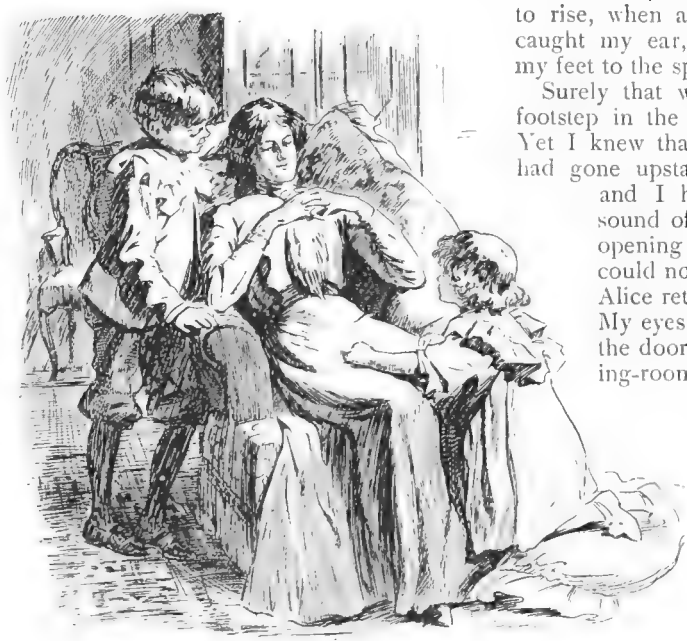
"Oh, dear, no!" I answered, with a laugh. "I dare say I shall soon go myself if I get sleepy. Don't stay up on any account, Joan, thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night, miss," she replied, and I was left alone again.

I busied myself for a few minutes in choosing the most interesting-looking book from a pile that Tom had thoughtfully brought in for my special amusement, and then comfortably settled myself by the fire for a quiet read. Whether it was the sound of the wind soughing and sighing round the house, or the effect of the robber stories I had been inventing for the children, I do not know; but anyway, the book failed to keep my attention; and when I chose another it was just as bad, so I gave up trying to read and sat basking by the fire, and thinking of various matters, for some little time.

The house grew very still at times as the wind died down, and somehow, unlike my usual self, I began to grow unaccountably nervous. When the wind suddenly rose again, the flutter of the blind against the window brought all sorts of silly fancies into my head. I should have gone to bed, but absurd as it seemed, I could hardly make up my mind to take my candle and face the long journey to my distant room. However, reflecting that there I should at least be near the nurse and the children, I was just about to rise, when a slight sound caught my ear, and chained my feet to the spot.

Surely that was a stealthy footstep in the hall outside! Yet I knew that the servants had gone upstairs long ago, and I had heard no sound of wheels or of opening doors, so it could not be Tom and Alice returned already. My eyes were fixed on the door of the drawing-room, and with a feeling of sick terror I shall never forget, I saw the handle turn, I saw the door open, and from the blackness of the hall outside there



"Please, Aunty, a 'tory!" echoed sweet little baby Frank, leaning against my knee.

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stalked into the room an immense and ferocious-looking bull dog! Someone's voice spoke, but what the words were I could not tell. Apparently they were addressed to the dog, for he came, as if under orders, and sat down exactly in front of me, plainly showing by his manner that he intended me to stay just where I was.

What did it mean? What could it mean? Ever since the time when I was bitten by one as a child, a bulldog has been a deadly terror to me at close quarters. There sat the huge beast, with his foaming jaws, and his blood-shot eyes fixed threateningly on mine, and for a moment my brain reeled. I grasped the arm of my chair involuntarily, and a low, menacing growl escaped from my unwelcome visitor that bade me be more careful of my movements.

I sat still and watched him as if fascinated; but finding that he did not move an inch unless I did myself, by slow degrees some of my courage came back to me, and I was able to reason the matter out. I argued that the dog had evidently been set to watch me while someone robbed the house, someone who probably knew of the doctor's absence, and might have been able to see me alone through the chink of the window-blind. I told myself that they did not wish to harm me, but only to guard against my arousing the house. I said that half-past eleven had struck, and that Tom and Alice were no doubt by this time very near home. But here my reasoning brought me little comfort. I could not warn them that there were burglars in the house, and what might not happen when they did arrive? I spoke to the dog in as friendly and ingratiating a tone as I could muster; he took no earthly notice. I even advanced a diffident hand to pat him but that he clearly would not allow. There seemed nothing to do but wait and see what would turn up next.

Suddenly the dog lifted his head uneasily, and gave another low growl. Did the brute mean to attack me then, whether I moved or not? No, his ears had been quicker than mine, and my heart leaped as I, too, heard footsteps crossing the tiled hall: no stealthy ones this time, but the unmistakable, measured tread of a policeman yes! and of more than one.

"Bring him on, Martin," I heard someone saying, "and keep a sharp eye on him—he's as slippery as any eel."

Then the door opened and a tall policeman entered the room. Oh! the relief of that moment!

"Miss, I'm downright sorry we didn't get wind of this half-an-hour sooner," he began. "Ah, would you, though?" as the dog, turning his attention on one whom, no doubt, he recognised as a natural enemy, made a spring, only to be stopped by a blow of the officer's truncheon that sent him reeling back half-stunned. "Speak to this brute of yours, you young vagabond, will you? before I give him what for a second time!"

And then, as the dog's master came forward to do as he was ordered, I had my first —and I hope my last—view of a burglar taken in the act. Not the typical black-masked, black-bearded ruffian of the children's stories this!

Blinking in the bright light of lamp and fire he stood, a shock-headed, undersized boy of, perhaps, sixteen years, with the tattered clothes and hunger-sharpened face of a London street-arab; his quick, bird-like eyes glancing this way and that even now for a possible chance of escape.

"How did you catch him? How did he get in?" I asked, finding my voice at last. "Perhaps there are more of them somewhere in the house!"

"No, he's the only one in the job, miss. He'd managed to lift the catch of the kitchen window, so we slipped in after him easy enough. A pal of his gave him away, and if we'd have only heard of it a few minutes earlier, we'd have put our hands on him without you ever being frightened by such as him."

"I ain't frit her more'n I could help," here broke in the sinner. "Gimme credit, lidy, and tell 'em so! I peeked in 'tween the blind and the winder-sill, and seed her a-sittin' theer by the fire, and s'elp me! she looked such a pretty kiddy as it went agin me to scare her. Says I to myself, 'Blowed if I'll show up to her on this arrant, Old Nick shall do the job!'"

This was flattering. Pretty kiddy! Why, I was older, in years at least, than the young vagabond himself was; I was nineteen, and engaged to be married! Pretty kiddy indeed! I felt my temper rise. My lack of inches has always been a sore point.

"I don't think you could have frightened me much more than your dog did," I said, speaking as severely as I knew how. "Now, what do you suppose is to be done with you?"

"Gaol," answered one of the policemen, laconically. "But, with your leave, miss, we'll wait here until the doctor comes back, and see if anything's missing besides what

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this bag has got in it. Perhaps we might step into the kitchen?"

Which they accordingly did, and when Tom and Alice returned a few minutes later, they came upon a curious spectacle enough. Finding that the boy was hungry—but that is too mild a word for it, he seemed literally famishing—I was allowed to bring him a plate of cold meat and bread, and he sat at the table devouring it, securely guarded on either side by a burly officer; while Old Nick also condescended to accept refreshment from my hands. Even the guardians of the law themselves did not decline a proffered glass of ale to pass the time away, and Tom certainly rather annoyed me by the amusement he showed, when, had things gone only a little differently, he might have returned to find his house ransacked, and his only sister dead of fright.

But there *was* good in the boy, trust Tom for finding that, if it was to be found, and gratitude brought it out. While the young scamp was in prison, my brother, with characteristic good nature, took charge of Old Nick, and thus found a clue to the better side of his master's character. When the boy was released, he allowed himself to be sent to a home, where he was taught to work, and soon earned golden opinions from everyone about him. As he himself said, all that he wanted was a fair start, and he had got it.

The dog, turning his attention on one whom, no doubt, he recognised as a natural enemy, made a spring, only to be stopped by a blow of the officer's truncheon.

The last I heard of my burglar was that Tom, who never did things by halves, had taken him on as useful help under the coachman, and he was thus working, a trusted and faithful servant, for the very man whom he had tried to rob. Old Nick, too, nobly retrieved his character, and developed into a most satisfactory watch-dog, attaching himself to the family in quite a wonderful way, especially to baby Frank, to whom his devotion was something really pathetic.

Of course, for a long time "Aunt Kitty's burglar" was *the* special joke of the family; equally, of course, for a long time, I quite failed to see any joke in the matter. Nor even now that I am much older, and have a house of my own as a scene of possible burglaries, do I feel that it would be at all amusing to go through any such experience again.

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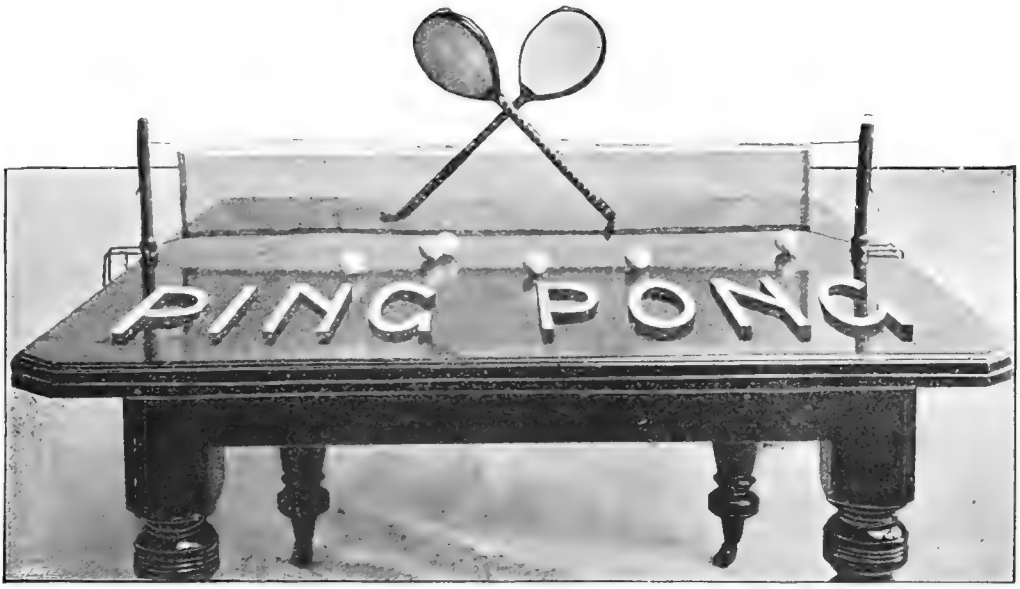

By Stanley White.

When a man is out of humour, confined to the house on a winter's night, let not a well-meaning friend, if he values his safety, seek to restore him by any of those brain-wearing recreations so much in vogue with our forefathers. Let him reflect on the degeneracy of the age, and at his peril offer riddles or conundrums to solve, or sets of rhyming words on which one is to append lines. Such jobbing carpentry in literature is sinful, without sin's attractions. Neither let him think to foist upon his friend that stale suburban pastime, bagatelle. The very name of solitaire makes one feel lonely; and many years ago the impossibility of cup and ball has been demonstrated.

A man need not be thought blasé by confessing himself indifferent to Chinese bagatelle, or if he be actually insensible to the most superior relaxation afforded by parlour billiards. Without pausing to discuss the propriety of table skittles, though the fact of its association with malt liquors, in common phrase, may raise some qualms, one may be pardoned for thinking a game of tin soldiers more suitable for adults.

Few of these mentioned possess the charm of "hunt the slipper" or "family coach," which are of a period almost prehistoric. Although by no means an advocate of fashion, progress demands that some slight evolution in parlour games should be made, even though it should take hundreds of years before the change is perceptible.

But at last the true principle on which house games should be based has been grasped. Reduce your favourite open air sport to miniature, and play it on the table. Already we have table golf, table croquet, and soon, who knows, our indoor sports may be further supplemented with table cricket, or even Rugby football.

The latest and undeniably the greatest of the new games is one rejoicing in the euphonious title of Ping Pong, or table tennis. Strangely enough, when originated some years back, this exhilarating game languished in obscurity, and it is only within the last few months that the general public have come to recognise its merits. It is now in the hands of one of the leading toy manufacturers and salesmen, and this firm, though it has been established nearly two hundred years, has never experienced such a boom in games.

In all essentials the mode of playing is exactly the same as in ordinary tennis. A set consists of a gauze net 4ft. wide, and 6in. high, put up on a stand provided, which when not in use can be folded up into a small compass; a pair of small racquets, after the style of the familiar battledore, and little balls, airy as bubbles, made of xylonite, better known as celluloid. The musical sound made by the striking of the balls on the

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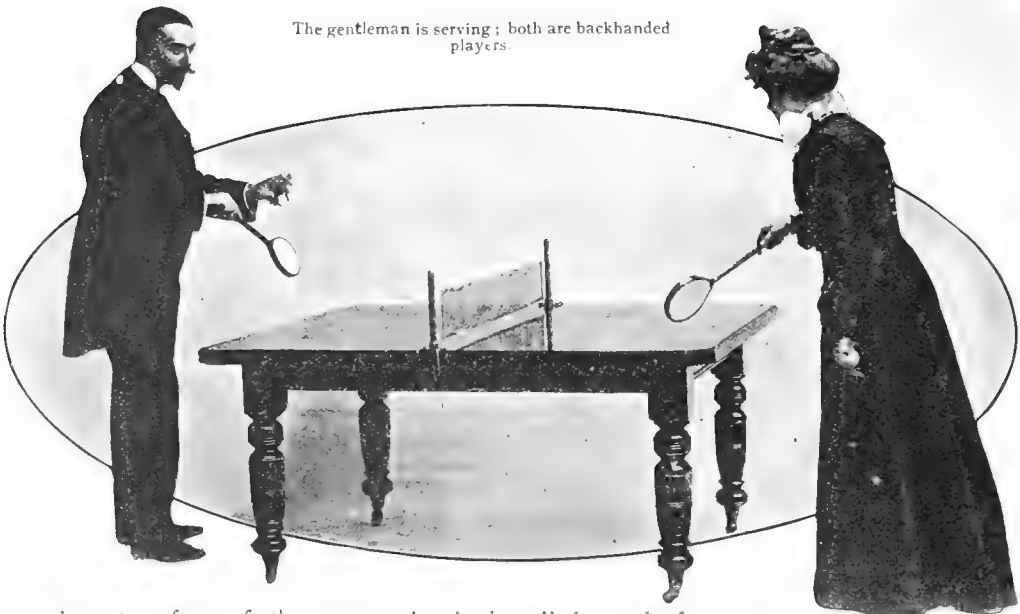
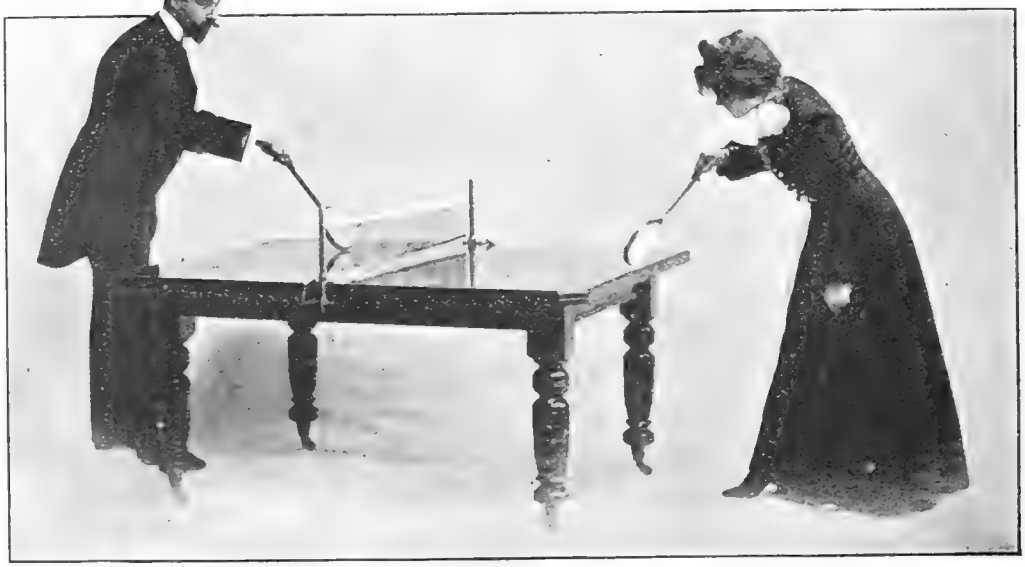


The gentleman is serving; both are backhanded players.

parchment surface of the racquet inspired the catchy title, Ping Pong. The regulation length of table is seven feet. Few tables in ordinary use being anything like such a size, a male member of the party had better proceed to the lumber room, where such things as table-leaves are generally kept, while another applies himself to the more difficult task of unearthing the table key. While these obliging friends are removing the cobwebs from their persons the net may be put up, and all is ready for commencement.

Unlike lawn-tennis, only two can play this game with comfort, but as a set lasts little more than five minutes, a tournament can easily be arranged, in which quite a large number can take part. Underhand service only is allowed, but the ball may be returned in any way considered most effective, except that volleying is barred.

And just here it would be well to give a word of warning. For the first, and perhaps



This represents a very typical rally; the partners have not yet gauged each other's calibre, and play warily.

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the second, time of playing (to be on the safe side) the male sex should put on a suit of some hard-wearing material. While granting that corduroys would, perhaps, be going too far, something almost as enduring is rendered absolutely necessary by the painful experiences suffered by beginners—experiences technically known as "grovelling."

Naturally it is the lot of the gentlemen to "grovel," and this is why instructions as to dress are here confined to them. The bouncing power of the celluloid balls when struck with a racquet being very great, from floor to ceiling; he will learn for the first time of the fruitful land which is lying fallow on the summit of the bookcase, and the idea of utilising it as a bed of mustard and cress may occur to him. Sometimes he will be called upon to exercise a nice judgment as to the approximate locality of the ball when it lodges behind a row of books, if he would avoid clearing the shelf. It is ten to one that in the end the good old comforting adage, "lazy people take the most pains," will apply to his case.

If he be a man who glories in the exhibition of his strength before ladies, he will have no cause to complain, but if he be a weakling, he may supply strength with cunning, and simulate the effort of another man. When

A high bounce, in an easy position, places the lady at the mercy of a ruthless opponent. Smashing down the ball is a privilege which should be reserved to the fair sex, in mixed playing.

the tendency of all learners is to use too much force. It is then wonderful the flights these little spheres will take, and the extraordinary out-of-the-way places into which they will disappear. A person sitting in an armchair in a corner of the room seems to attract them with magnetic power, especially if he has an objection to being disturbed. They will roll into almost inaccessible corners, whence they are only extricated after much "grovelling."

After an hour of this sort of thing, a man can draw from memory a map with the accuracy required by the Ordnance Department of every angle, protuberance, or recess that goes to make up the topography of the apartment. He will have explored every inch once the stroke has been acquired, there will be little further inconvenience of this nature, the ball being confined to the table nearly the whole of the time.

The table space on each side of the net is a court; there are no subdivisions as in lawn-tennis, and should the server fail the first time a point is registered to his opponent. The amount of science it is possible to display in this game is wonderful. Some crack players can do almost anything with the ball. When two adepts are playing rallies of forty or fifty are not uncommon, and as many as sixty-four have been known.

One of the great points to cultivate is the art of "placing" the ball, so that it will be

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difficult for your opponent to return it; in this connection the trick of striking the ball on to the extreme edge of the table from which it flies off at incalculable angles may be mentioned. When this comes off it is a killing stroke. Another and more feasible way to score is, after serving to your opponent's right, place the following to the extreme left. This will tie him up in a knot, as it were. Then there is half-volleying—that is, catching the ball just on the rise; the man who can do this well generally comes off victor. To meet a hard service, stand well back, and let the ball rebound from the racquet. As in billiards, much depends on the acquisition of a firm and delicate touch.

After some practice it is amazing how rapidly the ball travels to and fro. Some good players prefer to use the back-handed stroke all through, and there is no doubt that very rapid play can be maintained in this manner.

To such a height of popularity has the game attained that regular match fixtures are arranged amongst clubs. One gentleman of the writer's acquaintance, once a slave of the billiard cue, has transferred his allegiance to the Ping Pong racquet, and his wife and daughters are grateful to the new game for his reformation; their only regret is that Ping Pong was not invented years before.

It is, indeed, a capital game socially, and one of which one does not readily tire, an absence of monotony being assured by the great variety of strokes. No indoor game could possibly afford more healthy physical exercise: people are actually playing it in flannels now. No one but those who have played would credit the muscular exertion involved; hence unsuspecting ones who essay their first game in frock coats are glad to doff them with the permission of the company, and appear on the next occasion in more suitable garments. Ping Pong is a downright hard sporting game, which does not accord with the languor of a tailor's dummy.

All the essentials of Ping Pong can be purchased for the small sum of half-a-crown. The net is the most expensive part by far, and fortunately it is not an essential; a broomstick and a newspaper will answer the purpose equally well. The way to set up this extempore net is simplicity itself. Place a couple of chairs with their backs to the table, pass the broom-handle through so that it rests upon the rails, spanning the table, and then drop the newspaper over the pole.

Some extremely orderly people may have an almost religious objection against diverting things from their proper uses in this way. Those people had better act up to their convictions and pay the difference; for our own part we love to find new uses for things, it improves one's inventive faculties, and pays.

We have learned from Shakespeare that there are sermons in stones, and only the knowledge that we have been forestalled by the witty Dean Swift restrains us from delivering our soul of a moral essay on broomsticks.

There is, however, one point that we don't remember him to have covered, and that is

A long shot from the extreme corner; he will be lucky if he gets it over the net.

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They wear each other down by steady, determined play; the lady being driven back looks like losing the point.

the moral obligation to divert the broomstick, or any other article that we can, from its traditional use. Anyone would think that a Trade Union existed among broomsticks, and pails, and tubs, so tender are people in restricting their use. This using a broomstick for a Ping Pong net is most encouraging.

Well, Ping Pong is a game that has come to stay; and the reason for its universal popularity lies in its adaptability to all, young and old, rich and poor. We have it on no less authority than the manufacturers, Messrs. Hamley, of Oxford Street, that the aristocracy are delighted with it, and that uneasy heads that wear crowns find in it their solace; so it is now veritably the sport of kings.

A very good set, with net complete, can be obtained for 5*s.* 6*d.* If you have large ideas, according to your ambition you may go by easy stages up to 12*s.* 6*d.* The larger the net the bigger the price. The height of the net must be regulated according to the length of the table, in the ratio of an inch to a foot. A six-foot table is the minimum on which the game can be played properly. The table looks smaller in the photos, but six feet to nine is the best length.

This is an illustration from an amusing and instructive article, "Self-Protection on a Cycle," in the April number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE," on sale Saturday, March 30. Price Sixpence.

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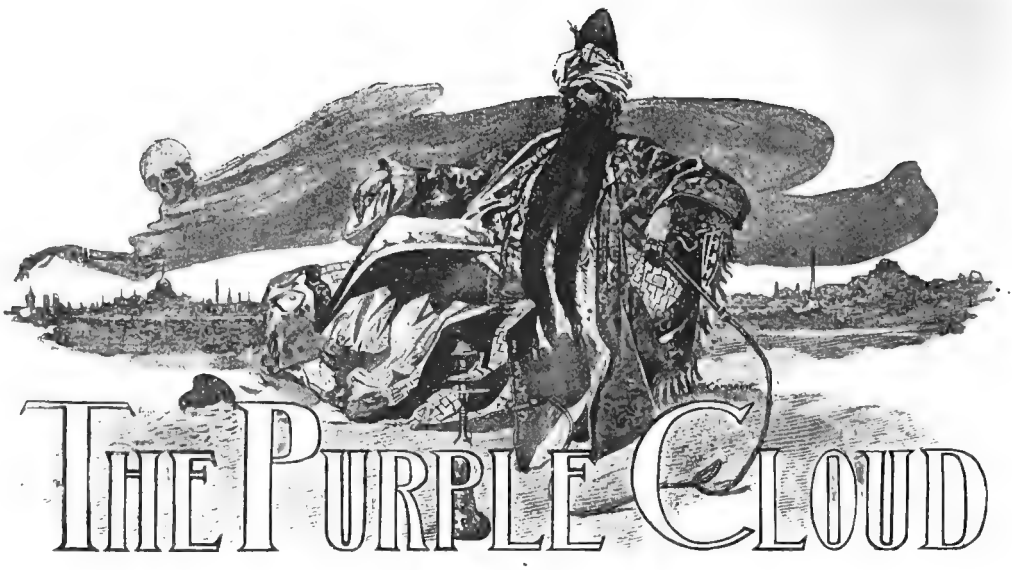

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter. Jeffson, the narrator, after killing his five companions, reaches the Pole alone. Then, seized with a strange terror, he retraces his steps. The ships he meets are full of corpses, and landing twice at Norway he finds every man and beast dead. He sails for England full of foreboding.

IV.

In Dover there were wonderfully few dead. That westward stampede of mankind, which I had been able to conjecture at the Norway coast-towns, must have taken place here also, leaving the town half empty. The bodies which I saw in both the streets and the houses seemed to be, in general, those of the old, the very young, and the very poor.

The better-class houses were without dead. Only in one of these I saw a ragged girl, dead in an arm-chair, a roll of bank-notes clutched in her left hand, and three watches in her lap.

The bodies, I noticed, lay, almost without exception, in poses of distraction, with wildly spread arms, and distorted limbs, like men, who, at the moment before death, call upon the rocks and hills to cover them. And over everything still lay and roamed the purple-brownish dust which I knew, and all in the air was a fragrance of flowers, and a stench of death.

* * * *

At Harbour Station I found no trains, but at Priory Station there were two, neither of them being liquid-air engines, so that I had to water a boiler, and kindle a fire. All that I did, I did in a species of real trance—the world, as I found it, being precisely like a new planet to me; yet my brain worked with intelligence, as it were mechanically, by itself, apart from me. I forgot nothing. I tried feebly to uncouple the long string of carriages behind the engine, for I saw that they were crowded with dead, but I did not succeed. I bore from the engine the dead driver and stoker, and I took my place there. At about eight in the evening I ran out from Dover, my throttle-valve shrieking high a long falsetto through the quiet, dark night.

My aim was London. But even as I set out my heart smote me: I knew nothing of the metals, their junctions, facing-points, sidings, shuntings, and complexities. Even as to whether I was going toward or away from London, I was not sure. But just in proportion as my first timorousness of the engine hardened into familiarity and self-sureness, I quickened speed, wilfully, with an obstinacy deaf and blind.

Finally, from a mere crawl at first, I was flying at a shocking velocity, while some-

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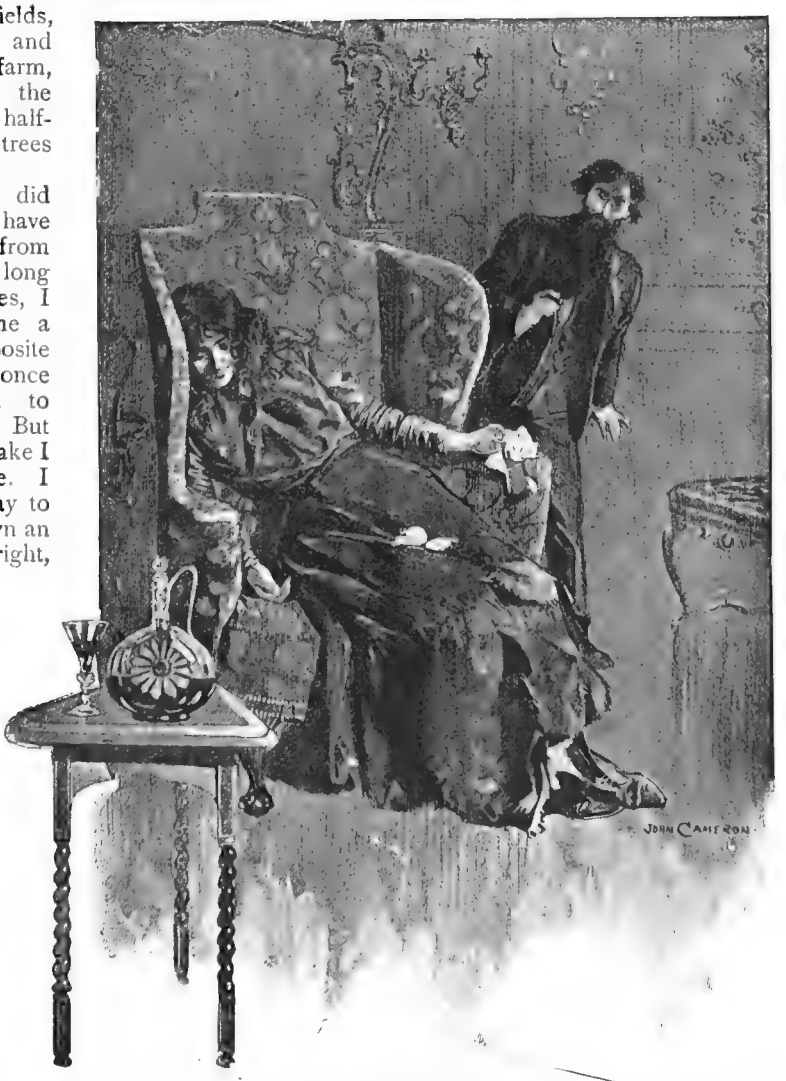
thing, tongue in cheek, seemed to whisper me: "There must be other trains blocking the lines, at stations, in yards, and everywhere —it is a maniac's ride, a ride of death, the Flying Dutchman's frenzy; remember your dark five-deep brigade of passengers who rock and bump together, and will suffer in a collision." But, with mulish stubbornness, I thought: "They wished to go to London;" and on I raced, not wildly exhilarated, so far as I can remember, nor lunatic, but feeling the dull glow of a wicked and morose Unreason urge in my bosom, while I stoked all blackened at the fire, or saw the vague mass of dead horse or cow, and trees and fields, and dark homestead and deep-slumbering farm, flit ghostly athwart the murky air, as the half-blind saw "men like trees walking."

Long, however, it did not last. I could not have been twenty miles from Dover when, on a long reach of straight lines, I made out before me a tarpaulined mass opposite a signal-point, and at once callousness changed to terror within me. But even as I plied the brake I felt that it was too late. I rushed to the gangway to make a wild leap down an embankment to the right, but was thrown backward by a quick series of rough bumps, caused by eight or ten cattle which lay there across the lines; and when I picked myself up, and leapt, some seconds before the impact, the speed must have considerably slackened, for I received no fracture, but lay in semi-coma in a patch of yellow-flowered whin on level ground, and was even conscious of a fire on the lines forty yards away, and all the night, of vague thunder sounding from somewhere.

* * * *

About five, or half-past, in the morning I was sitting up rubbing my eyes, in a dim light mixed with drizzle. I could see that the train of my last night's debauch was a huddled-up chaos of fallen carriages and disfigured bodies. A five-barred gate on my left opened into a hedge, and swung with creaks; two yards from my feet lay a little shaggy pony, with swollen, wan body, the picture of death, and also about me a number of dead wet birds.



I saw a ragged girl, dead in an arm-chair, a roll of bank-notes clutched in her left hand, and three watches in her lap.

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Afterwards I went, following the rail-track on foot, for the engines of both the collided trains were smashed. I knew northward from southward by the position of the sun, and after a good many stoppages at houses and by railway-banks, I came, at about eleven in the night, to a great and populous town.

By the Dane John and the Cathedral I immediately recognised it as Canterbury, which I knew quite well. And I walked up Castle Street to the High Street, conscious for the first time of that regularly repeated sound, like a sob or groan, which was proceeding from my throat. As there was no visible moon and these old streets were very dim, I had to pick my way lest I should desecrate the dead with my foot, and they all should rise with hue and cry to hunt me. However, the bodies here were not numerous, most, as before, being foreigners, and these scattered about. This strict old English burg, that mourning, dark night, presented such a scene of the baneful wrath of God, and all abomination of desolation, as broke me quite down at one place, where I stood in travail with jeremiads and sore sobbings and lamentations, crying out upon it all.

* * * *

Only when I stood at the West entrance of the Cathedral, I could discern reaching up the dark nave, up to the Lanthorn, up even to the choir, a vague mass of forms huddled in every pose of death. I struck a match, and peered; the two transepts, too, seemed crowded—the cloister-doorway was blocked—the south-west porch heaped. A great congregation must have flocked thither to pray at the moment when their fate overtook them.

Here I first concluded that the after-odour of the poison was not merely lingering in the air, but was being given off by the bodies of its victims, for the blossomy odour of the nave was actually stronger than the odour of death, the church giving out the scent of old mouldy linens long embalmed in cedars.

I entered several houses, and in three instances found locked room-doors, and evidences of the vain attempt to make the apartments air-tight by stuffing key-holes, etc. The catastrophe, therefore, must have been fore-known some time before its arrival.

Off again, near eleven, I started, hoping to reach London, but the train took me down some branch-line, and after stopping at many stations of whose position relatively to London I was not sure, I felt my head nod, and my eyes close. I had travelled all night, the workings of dawn were in the East, and there, in mid-country I stopped, threw myself on a grass-bank, and slept for thirteen hours.

About 5 p.m. I awoke, and ate some pemmican. The country round me now seemed more like Surrey than Kent: there was that regular swell and sinking of the land. I could see that for over a year no hand had tended the soil: there were many unsown fields, and some few unreaped harvests, and already the country had an aspect of return to a state of wild nature.

I was searching for a stream of water, and in my search, spied all among forest-trees behind a hill, a great mansion, which I seemed to recognise—probably from some etching of it I may have seen. I entered it, and found that at the time of the catastrophe, it was full of guests in evening-dress. Out on the lawn, and in the great dining-hall were two long tables spread; and over the hall-portal I could still read in big letters of leaves the words: "Many happy returns of the Day." I was not sufficiently versed in heraldry to decipher the hatchment, but I could see, from its simplicity, that it was very ancient. These people had defied a fate which they must have foreknown. I saw two quadrille-parties lying dead, head to head. In an upper room I saw a lady in low-neck dress, a coronet on her head, with her arms about a man, her face still pressed to his.

Here I found drink, and returned to my train. This time, after several efforts, I succeeded in uncoupling the engine from its long train of hearses.

I had lit up again, and set off, noticing the direction of the sunset, and guessing the points of the compass.

But so intricate is the railway net-work of the country, each line mixing with the others, that three days later I found myself at Reading.

Meanwhile, I made frequent stoppages, diligently searching, no longer indeed for a man, but at least for a dog, or a bird, a horse, or an ox. An incredible number, almost like a rain, of dead birds strewed the country; but my only living companions were flies, and once, to my great emotion, I saw a little yellow butterfly staggering in the air over a flower-bed of a railway station between Reading and Slough.

I stuck, meanwhile, in the matter of food, to pemmican, autumn fruits and wine, avoiding for the present—though it was needless—the hams, flour, rice, jams, vegetables, and so on, which may have been exposed to the poison, and now remained to me.

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At Reading I searched for, and finally found, a compass in a little shop by the river. This, I hoped, would greatly help me; and, in truth, by carefully advancing, at last, two nights later, I reached Paddington.

Used as I was to the universal soundlessness, I *still* somehow expected to hear London give out its roar; and I received a shock of intensest awe, when, instead of its noise and rumour, I heard a silence, which seemed to reach high, and blend with the silence of the stars in heaven.

As I had passed under the roof of the station, I had observed that the wheels of the engine waded through a thick slough of bodies; and when I stopped, impinging upon a train crowded with dead, I saw that it would be impossible to walk from the platform without walking over a carpet of decay.

Westward! Westward! had evidently been the word.

My object in coming to this unbounded catacomb of London was to reach the *Times* office. The impulse to *know*—to gloat upon the real Truth—was strong upon me. As soon as I had dodged my foul way through the block of vehicles which reached to Edgware Road, and more thinly all the way to Oxford Circus, I overhauled an automobile, entered it, and went urging my jolting and spattered way through streets sown thick with the dead.

I had seized upon every newspaper which I could find; their dates gave me a rough idea of the time when printing ceased in England. It was soon after the 17th July—three months after I had reached the Pole—for I found no paper later than this date. None, however, gave me that minute information for which I had an intense curiosity; I wished to reach the file of the *Times*.

I made my way to Printing House Square. Even here the number of dead was unexpectedly large. I passed through them, and entered the dark building, but found that it had formerly been lighted by electricity. I retraced my steps, and presently returned with a lighted lamp taken from a small shop near. I found the file, laid it on a table, and, with the lamp near, began to search.

The absolute certainty that some hideously silent presence stood at my elbow so filled me, that I leapt to my feet in frightful terror.

I searched and read far into the morning. But I read in spite of terrors such as have never yet entered into the heart of man to conceive. Sometimes the profound interest of what I read would fix my mind; but presently I would jump afresh, remembering the innumerable host of the wan dead that camped about me, and pierced with terror lest they should start and stand, and confront and accuse me. Twice the absolute certainty that some hideously silent presence stood at my elbow so filled me, that I leapt to my feet in frightful terror. But with the first pale intrusion of the day, my fears calmed, and then vanished.

* * * *

What I read in the *Times* in the main confirmed the inferences which I had previously made.

There had occurred a great volcanic event—another Krakatoa—in the South Seas. It

occurred either on the 14th, 15th, or 16th of April—for no one was certain—one, two, or three days after the arrival of the *Boreal* party at the Pole; and it had poured forth scoria, which travelled westward at a rate varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles a day, involving the whole world, with the exception of the region round the Poles, or, at least, the North Pole.

The most learned article which I read, was one from the pen of Professor Armitage. It was remarkable for its clear divination, because written so early — immediately, in fact, after the cessation of telegraphic communication with Australia and China. He not only guessed an eruption, but stated that its chief product must be potassic ferrocyanide, which, undergoing distillation with the products of sulphur in the heat of the eruption, would produce hydrocyanic acid; and this acid, he said, remaining in a vapourous state in all climates above 26·5° Centigrade, might involve the entire earth except the colder regions of the Arctic circles, where it would assume the liquid state, and fall. He stated, that if the facts were so, he could suggest no hiding-place for the race, unless mines could be made air-tight; nor could even they be of use except in the event of the poisonous state of the air being of very short duration.

* * * *

The mines! I had not thought of them. There perhaps I might find—

But a second thought convinced me of the unlikeliness of this. As that purple cloud rode westward, mankind, as I read, had fled westward too, fled faster than the cloud. All in the West of Europe, therefore, there must have ensued a great crush of the nations. And all, the hint having once gone forth, would seek the mines only to crowd themselves there into a horror of suffocation. And there was hunger. . . .

Still, the mere mention of mines was enough to spur me to search. After a long sleep, I left London on an engine, going northward.

* * * *

Seven long months of unremitting search I spent, and at the end of that time had scoured Britain. As I had expected, scenes of extraordinary wildness were presented to me at every excavation into the earth. Everywhere the fugitives had brought rope-ladders in abundance, and in no case was I unable to descend. In every instance, I found that the guggs, dipples, twinways, and topples of the mine had all been walled in and again broken open, whether from without by new-comers, or from within at the spur of hunger, or suffocation, I could not always determine.

For miles round the neighbourhood of every mine in the kingdom—for I have visited nearly all—the country presented a shocking spectacle of heaped-up death—men of all nations being here, brown and yellow, black and white—calpac and fez—fur-cap and turban, lungi and pugaree.

At the Farnbrook Colliery in Durban I was able to conjecture that the mine-owner had imprisoned himself as in a stronghold with his family in his mine, shutting out the world; but all his elaborate precautions had failed; the mob had bombarded and invaded him; and the whole interior to the furthest galleries, even the puttways and "tubs," was over-strewn with the harvest of the Reaper. I went with a Davy-lamp peering everywhere, and discovered that, besides the walls built to block-up the shafts, the mine-owner (as I supposed) had built another across a remote dipple, behind which to entrench himself; but this, too, had been attacked, and, prying through a breach, I could discern a man holding a gun, his family of seven, and a quantity of provisions.

I have visited Northumberland and Durham, Fife and Kinross, South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cornwall and the Midlands; I have explored many quarries and excavations, mines of coal, of iron, of lead, of tin, of graphite, of cobalt, of granite; but I have found no living thing.

I have also crossed to the Isle of Man and Ireland.

In the Severn Valley, near Gloucester, I spied a singular erection, and approached it. It was of considerable size, built all of stone, its shape being the half of a globe. Its one door, now open, was rimmed with india-rubber, and when slammed was air-tight. Within I saw fifteen bodies, well-dressed, and a large store of provisions.

I concluded that they must have used up all the air in the building, had opened the door to escape suffocation, and had so met instant death.

Two of them had either sacrificed themselves for the others by shooting themselves before the exhaustion of the air, or else had been shot by the others; I could not determine which.

I remarked that the rich must have been much more in earnest in taking measures than the poor, for the poor in general

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credited only what they could see, and cherished the always-false notion that to-morrow would be like to-day; in the out-patients' waiting-room of the Oakham Infirmary, for instance, I actually saw eight bodies of poor old women in shawls, come to have their ailments seen-to on the day of doom. They had not believed that anything could really happen to the old earth which they knew, and upon which they had walked with such careless assurance. In the adjoining room there sat an old doctor at a table, the stethoscope-tips still clinging in his ears, a woman with bared chest dead before him. I said to myself: "That man died doing his work. . ."

In this same Infirmary, there was one surgical ward where the patients had not died of the poison, but of hunger. The doctors had apparently made the long room air-tight, double-boarding the windows, felting the doors, and locking them outside. They themselves may have perished before their precautions for the poor imprisoned patients were complete, for I found a heap of maimed forms, mere skeletons, crowded round the door within. I knew that they had not died of the poison, for the pestilence of the ward was unmixed with that heavy peach-odour which seemed to have an embalming effect upon the bodies which it saturated.

I rushed from the spot, and at once set to work to burn the building to the ground.

As I sat in an armchair in the street, observing the flames of this structure, I had a thought; and I sprang upright; and I said: "I will return to London."

* * *

"Adam Jeffson," I muttered, "could that poor thing in the frame have been you?"

I returned to it a very different man from the man I had left it hardly seven months before: I had left it a burdened and lonesome wretch: I returned to it—the Sultan!

Going from St. Pancras toward my old home, as I walked down Harley Street, this thought arose in my mind: "if, now, I should lift my eyes, and see a man walking yonder—just yonder—*at the corner there*—turning from Oxford Street into Cavendish Square . . . what would I do?"

Would I rush and throw my arms about his neck? Would I not rush, *and stab him to the heart?*

Most frequent was this question now become with me. Often, as I walk the streets of a town, or the lanes of the country, I have the invincible assurance that, if I only turn the head, and glance yonder—*at a certain fixed spot*—I shall surely see—I *must* see—a man. And when I *do* glance—though my hairs bristle with terror, yet in my eyes, I know, is monarch indignation against the intruder, and my neck is stiff as sovereignty itself, and on my brow sits the lordship of the Shahs of old.

So rapidly does the mind change with its environment. Already the present condition of the earth with one sole inhabitant and master on its surface, seems to me not only natural and proper—but the *only* natural and proper condition. That the whole world should have been made for *me* alone—that London should have been built in order that *I* might leisurely enjoy the vast spectacle of its burning—that *all* history, and *all* civilisation, should have existed only in order to accumulate for my pleasure its stores of purple and wine, of spices and gold—all this has ceased to seem in the least degree extraordinary to me; it has become the commonplace of my life.

To what point of wantonness this arrogance of Kingship may lead me, I do not know. It is written: "It is not good that man should be alone . . ."

I have said to myself: "I will

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ravage and riot in my Earth. I will burn and rage like the Cæsars, I will be a destroying blight like Sennacherib, I will wallow in soft delights like Sardanapalus. I will build me a palace, vast as a city, with stones of pure molten gold, and rough frontispiece of diamond, and cupola of amethyst, and pillars of pearl. There is wine and opium and haschisch; there are flowers, and corns, and oils. I will say to my soul: "Be full."

There is an oil-painting of my head in the drawing-room at Harley Street, and I have been laughing with loud mockery looking at it; so different am I already to the man portrayed there. It was painted by—I forget his name now—a close friend of mine he was for many years—in his studio at St. John's Wood. It was really very like me as I was: there is my highly-curving brow—truly a kingly brow it seems now to me—and that vacillating look in the eyes, and about the mouth, which used to make my sister say: "Adam is weak and luxurious"; and there is the longish face, and the rather thin moustache, showing the lips, and the neat pink cravat—ah, yes, it was *the cravat* that made me burst into laughter, when I noticed it.

"Adam Jeffson," I muttered afterwards, "could that poor thing in the frame have been *you?*"

I cannot clearly state why the tendency toward Orientalism—toward Oriental dress—all the manner of an ancient Oriental monarch—has taken possession of me. But that is the fact. I am no longer a Western and "modern" mind, but a primitive and Eastern one. *The cravat!*—it has receded *far enough from me.* I seem to have gone right back to the beginnings—to a resemblance with man in his first, simple, gaudy conditions. This is perhaps the natural accident to a mind freed from all social trammels. My hair already hangs a black, oiled string down my back, and my scented beard sweeps in two opening whisks to my ribs. I am clad, as I write, in the most barbaric of the jewelled robes which I could find at the Persian Embassy. My ankles—my ten fingers—my wrists—are heavy with ornaments. For shoes I wear Turkish babooshes.

Oh Liberty! I am free. . . .

The slightest whim has become more imperious within me than all the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Some days since, for instance, I was going about making preparations for the burning of London, when the singular whim seized me to write down first an account of what has happened. Instantly I succumbed to it, leaving the preparations for the conflagration.

Being near the Houses of Parliament, I entered, and here, in the Speaker's Chair, have for seven days been writing what has so far been written.

But now I will write no more; I will go out and prepare London for her funeral rites.

* * * *

I have deeply enjoyed myself. It was a heroic spectacle.

For eight days I had driven about London at the head of a train of vehicles, I being on a petrol motor which drew them. They were loaded with combustibles—coal, straw, oil, wood, powder, gun-cotton—and I had with me a pile of time-fuses of various timing, found at the Woolwich Royal Ordnance Factory.

It was there, in the Arsenal itself, that I began to deposit the fagots of that great burning; and I connected the pile with a time-fuse which would ignite it at midnight of the ninth day.

I left no quarter unremembered. I visited West Ham and Richmond, Finchley and Clapham. I deposited piles in the Guildhall, in Holloway Gaol (all prisoners had apparently been liberated before the arrival of the poison-cloud), in the Tower, in the Houses of Parliament, in St. Giles' Workhouse (the inmates lay in crowds round three casks of beer), in the South Kensington Museum, in the Royal Agricultural Society's offices, in the Trinity House, in the office of Works, in the British Museum, in a hundred warehouses, in a thousand private dwellings. And I timed every fuse for ignition at midnight of the 25th March.

Shall I write down here the secret of my human heart? Shall I put the dark fact on paper? It is this: as I worked, I waxed wicked as a demon! a fiendish, though vague, malevolence was in my smile, in my stalk. The rage to burn and ravage and riot was upon me like a rabies—it was the mood of Nero and Nebuchadnezzar. Here was no harmless burning which I did—it was the crime of arson. But this way lies madness. . . .

I see, I begin to see, "*it is not good that man should be alone.* . . ."

For eight days I worked. Most of that time strong March winds blew from the North, and on the morning of the ninth day had increased to a noisy storm. Rising early from the bed where I had slept in Kilburn, I was able to guess that some of my fuses had

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anticipated the appointed hour, for I saw three red hazes in the air, and heard far off the boom of an occasional explosion. By noon I knew that a large tract of north-eastern London was in flames, for I heard the distant rumour of its bickering roar. With the solemn feelings of a bridegroom on his marriage-morning, I set about making preparations for the festival of the night.

There is a house on high ground near Hampstead Heath, having at one corner a lofty, square tower. This I had selected for my seat, and thither at about eleven in the evening, I drove. I had found a genuine Saloniki hookah in Seymour Street, at a house which contained some dark-skinned corpses, also, a casket of pale tobacco mixed with rose-leaves and opium; these I took with me, together with wine, nuts, and a harp from the house of the musician Krasinski, in Portland Street.

At midnight there was a sudden and visible increase of the conflagration.

I drove northward, my heart quailing with a secret joy at the solemn noise which now encompassed me.

The city, in most directions, was ablaze. All above my head there rushed southward with eager wing a sparkling smoke.

I took my place in the top of the tower, secure from injury owing to the direction of the wind, and the isolation of my position.

At midnight there was a sudden and visible increase of the conflagration. On all hands I began to see blazing structures soar, with grand hurrahs, on high. Up, in fives and tens, in twenties and thirties, they leapt, they lingered, they fell.

My spirit commenced to feel, to dance. As I smoked, I touched the chords of the harp to the air of Wagner's *Walküren-ritt.*

Near three in the morning I reached the climax of my joys. My eyelids closed in a luxury of pleasure, and my lips smiled. A sweet sensation of peace and power entranced me. For now the whole area which through streaming tears I surveyed, mustering its ten thousand thunders, and brawling to heaven the voice of its southward-rushing torment, weltered to the horizon one ocean of flame.

I had sent a signal to the planet Mars.

(To be continued.)

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Private Maneely, desperately wounded in the battle of Rousbeck, uses his last remaining strength to dig a hole in which to conceal the standard from the enemy.

WAR FLAGS "RETIRED."

The Battle-Worn, Shot-Torn, and Time-Tattered Colours and Standards of the British Army.

By Robert Machray.

Flags are in themselves perishable things—just so much silk and stuff attached to a staff or pole of wood, bound to decay in the course of time, to say nothing of the chances of the battlefield; but the principles and ideas they represent, as well as the stirring stories that circle round them, prompt us to guard and preserve them so long as it may be possible to do so.

Therefore it is that the flags of our army, once the period of what may be called their active service is past, have been given a place of honour in our cathedrals, in our churches, in the castles of great nobles whose names or whose lands are associated with particular regiments, or in military institutions such as the museum of the Royal United Service Institute.

It may be doubted if churches are exactly the best repositories for these war-worn flags, for many of our ecclesiastical buildings are damp and dusty, and, the colours once hung upon the walls, no very special care appears to be taken of them. A striking instance of the effect of neglect and carelessness on the part of church authorities was seen in the fact that the flags which had been taken from the French during the campaigns of Marlborough, and which had been deposited for preservation in St. Paul's, were so little regarded that a hundred years later nothing of them remained but naked staves and

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poles. At the present time there may be noticed in St. Paul's two almost bare poles—all that is left of the old colours of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).

The term *colours* is used to denote the flags of infantry regiments, while the insignia of cavalry are known as *standards* or *guidons*, the last named being forked or "swallow-tailed." Prior to the reign of William III., each troop in a regiment of horse had its standard, and every company of foot its colour. The number was then reduced to three for each battalion of infantry, and in Queen Anne's time to two. One of the two flags was called the Queen's colour, the other was designated the regimental. A few regiments, however, in India still have three flags, as, for example, the 20th Madras Native Infantry, which has for its third colour a flag captured from Hyder Ali.

Although they have seen much fighting, these flags of the 57th West Middlesex Regiment are still in good condition.

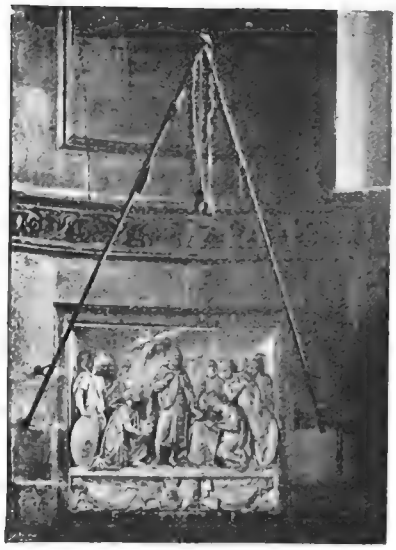
War flags of the 57th Middlesex Regiment in St. Paul's.

In our army to-day each regiment has its "Queen's Colour," a flag having upon it the Union Jack, with the Imperial crown in the centre, and the number of the regiment beneath in gold, and its Regimental Colour, which, as a rule, is of the colour of the facings of the uniform of the regiment; in the upper corner is a small Union Jack, and the rest of the ground of the flag bears the badges and devices conferred upon the regiment by royal authority, as well as the names of the battles in which it has taken part. The army flags are made of silk. It may be noted in passing that our naval flags are of bunting.

Some exceptions to the general use of army flags must be observed. Both Hussar and Lancer troops are without standards, nor have the Artillery and Royal Engineers any colours.

The flags of the army no longer play the very important part they formerly did in time of war. Like everything else calculated to attract the attention of an enemy, they have disappeared from the field, and are seen no more except on parades. The last great war in which the flags were carried was the Crimea, but the Queen's colour and the black regimental colour of the 58th (now 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire) waved over them at Lang's Nek in the Boer War of 1881.

The principal use of the army flag was to serve as



All that is left of two war flags of the Royal Fusiliers in St. Paul's Cathedral. These flags were carried in the last Afghan War.

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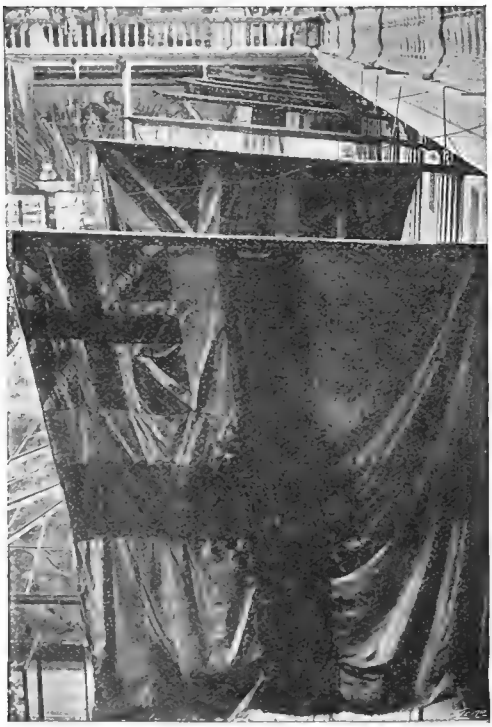

A Waterloo flag belonging to the 1st West York Regiment. It was carried at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and hangs now in the Royal United Service Institution.

a rallying point. The Duke of Wellington, when presenting a new set of colours in 1842 to the 72nd Highlanders, emphasised this feature. "You are henceforth," he said, "to consider the colours as your headquarters, and in every circumstance, and in all times of privation and distress, you will look to them as your rallying point."

The familiar words, "Rally round the Flag," had in those days not merely a figurative significance, but embodied in the most literal sense one of the chief principles of the conduct of war. The preservation of the flag was no mere matter of sentiment; it was vital to the success of an army in the field. And so men grudged no sacrifice, no matter what, to save the colours. The most heroic deeds have been done in their defence. Therefore, when we behold old war-flags in our churches and elsewhere, let us not forget what is the meaning and what is the story of these dumb but eloquent memorials:—

A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul;
'Tis the deeds which were done 'neath the moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag.

In the officers' mess of the 1st Battalion of the Essex Regiment there is a fragment of a colour, preserved with the utmost care, and attached to this faded piece of silk is one of the most striking tales of "deeds that were done" for the flag.

A certain Ensign Christie, who, by the way, had risen from the ranks, was carrying one of the regiment's colours at Quatre Bras in 1815, when a French Lancer made a gallant and desperate charge at the flag, and succeeded in wounding Christie with his lance, which entered the ensign's left eye and penetrated his left jaw. The French soldier endeavoured to seize and carry off the flag, but Christie, who was blinded with blood and suffering agonies from his eye and face, managed to throw himself upon it—not, of course, to save himself, but the emblem, from capture. A part of the flag was left unprotected by Christie's body, and as it fluttered upon the ground, the Frenchman was able to tear off a piece of the silk with the point of his lance. He was bearing it off in triumph, but had not gone very far when he was shot down by the nearest soldiers of the 44th (now 1st Essex). It is this fragment, recovered in these circumstances—equally

A standard of the Royal Horse Guards in the Royal United Service Institution. Below is a flag captured from the Boers at Pieter's Hill, outside Ladysmith, by Captain Agnew.

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Ensign Christie saving the flag at Quatre Bras. Sorely wounded, he flung his body upon the flag to prevent it being carried away by a French Lancer.

creditable to friend and foe—which is still shown with pride by the officers of the regiment.

The 1st battalion of the Royal Sussex (formerly the 35th) can tell a wonderful story with regard to their old colours.

Rather more than a hundred years ago the regiment was present at the battle of Bergen, and suffered so severely that at the close of the day it was found that it had lost eight officers and nearly four hundred men.

Among the officers slain during the fight was the ensign who carried one of the colours; the other was in the hands of another ensign, called John Renton. As soon as the latter saw what had happened, and that the colour which had slipped from the grasp of his fallen comrade was in danger, Renton took the flag from the dead man, stripped it from the staff which had held it, and bound it with a pocket handkerchief to his thigh. He next cut his own colour from its pole, and tied it round his body.

A moment later he was fiercely attacked by no fewer than three French officers. But notwithstanding the fearful odds against him, he faced and fought them in the most brave and determined manner. One of the Frenchmen he killed, but in doing so had the bad luck to break his sword. His plight was now desperate indeed—two to one, and his weapon gone! Yet, marvellous to relate, he actually kept his adversaries off with the staff of one of the colours so effectually that in the end he saved them both.

It is a story of this kind that should make these old war-flags have an honoured place amongst our national treasures. And, happily, there is no lack of similar stories. Nearly every regiment has something of the same sort to tell.

Here is a tale of the Royal Scots:—

The regiment, then known as the "Royal Regiment," was hotly engaged at Steenkirk in 1692—a battle, the incidents of which are not generally known, but which is

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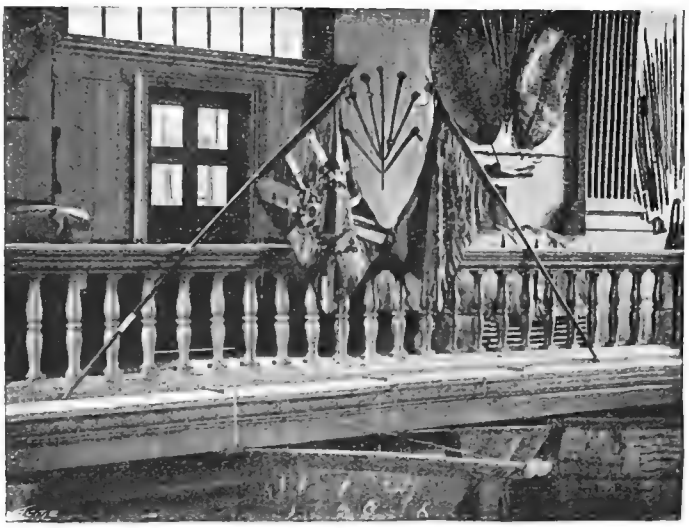
Old flags in the Royal United Service Institute. Those hanging from the gallery are British; those below are French, captured in various Napoleonic battles.

imperishably associated with devotion to the flag. The men, who were commanded by Sir Robert Douglas, were hard pressed—so much so that the first battalion had lost one of its colours.

Douglas, who was as courageous as a lion, had given many proofs of his extraordinary personal courage, and constantly cheered on his wearied men to greater exertions. In the press and confusion of the struggle he suddenly saw the lost colour on the other side of a hedge. There it waved in the hands of the enemy, and the sight maddened him. Plunging through a gap in the hedge, he leaped into the thickest of the ranks of the foe, beat them back to right and left and in front of him, slew the French officer who was carrying the captured colour, and, with a mighty effort, threw it over the hedge to his own men. The enemy closed around him, but again he beat them off, only to fall, however, when he was in the act of re-passing the hedge.

A somewhat different, but hardly less splendid, story is that of a private of the 8th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), of the name of Michael Maneely.

One of the standards of his regiment was in his care at the battle of Rousbeck, during the campaign in Holland, in 1794. These were the days of terrible hand-to-hand encounters, when soldiers had to stand up to each other—not of long-range firing and of smokeless powder, such as we have now, with the troops on either side as "invisible" as possible. Maneely, as befits an Irishman, was in the thick of the fray, bearing aloft his standard. He was a conspicuous object, and naturally came in for a good deal of attention at the hands of the enemy. In the course of the engagement he was wounded several times, and his horse was killed under him. Lying on the ground he still clung to his flag, but he was sore spent from loss of blood and all the travail of the battle.



Two flags of the 39th Regiment in the Royal United Service Institute, Whitehall.

He felt that it would soon be over so far as he was concerned—but what was to be done with the standard? The poor brave fellow, half-delirious with pain, but, perhaps, with something of a madman's strength coming to him in that supreme moment, dug a hole in the earth and *buried the flag as in a grave.* Then he fainted, and when consciousness returned he found himself a prisoner—but the standard was saved from being taken.

That is not the only time that a flag has been buried in order that it might be pre-

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served from falling into the power of an enemy. But perhaps the strangest way taken of saving regimental insignia from suffering this desecration was that adopted by some of Napoleon's officers during the retreat from Moscow. They actually had their eagles consumed by fire, the ashes being afterwards carefully gathered together and placed in water, which they forthwith *drank*.

And this reminds me that English colours have sometimes been cremated on their falling into decay and disuse. They have also been buried in similar circumstances.

The colours of the old 74th Highlanders (now 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry) were buried on their becoming "past their work," and the ashes are kept in the lid of a gold snuff-box, I believe. When the 50th (now 1st Battalion Queen's Own Royal West Kent) received new colours from Queen Adelaide in 1827, the old colours were cremated, the ashes being preserved in a box, which forms a part of the regimental plate.

Colours have been buried with full military honours when they have become too worn and tattered, but this is a very rare proceeding. Two instances of this may be quoted. The old 25th Edinburgh Regiment (now the King's Own Scottish Borderers) had their flag, which war and time had turned into a thing of shreds and patches, solemnly interred at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Some thirty years later, the 36th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion Worcestershire) buried a worn-out flag at Winchester the whole regiment witnessing the interment, which was made the occasion of very impressive ceremonies.

As a general thing the flags of our army are consecrated on their being presented to the regiments, and this perhaps may account for such extraordinary incidents as those just mentioned.

The thrilling stories of our war flags are not all attached to the battlefield.

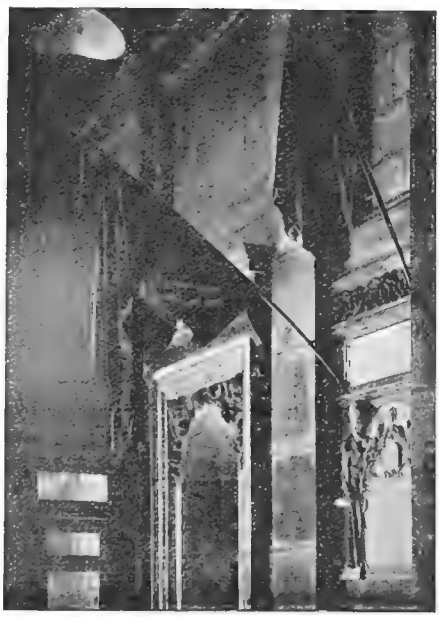
In Norwich Cathedral there hangs a set of colours, with a singularly heroic story, though it is not a story of war. The flags are those of the 54th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion Dorset).

The regiment was on the ocean in the transport "Sarah Sands." The ship caught fire, and the colours—those now in Norwich Cathedral—were rescued from the burning vessel with the greatest difficulty. The flags were fastened against the end of the saloon, which was so full of smoke that it was almost impossible to move in it. Two lieutenants tried to enter to get the colours, but they were beaten back by the smoke. Then the quartermaster of the ship, wrapping his head in a wet cloth, rushed into the saloon with a hatchet. Moving the cloth a little from his face, he succeeded in cutting down the flags, but had no sooner done so than the smoke overpowered him and he swooned away. Several attempts to rescue him were made, and finally a private of the name of Wills got both him and the colours from the room.

Our Indian soldiers have often given many examples of their devotion to their colours.

In one of our numerous campaigns at the beginning of the past century in India, the rear-guard of a retreating force was nearly annihilated at the passage of the Banass River. A mere handful of men was left, and amongst them was a native officer, a subadar of the 2nd Bengal Infantry, carrying the regimental colour. Attacked by overwhelming numbers, he still managed to hold the flag. With his face to the foe, he slowly backed to the edge of the river, still bearing the precious flag. The bank gained, he plunged with a great shout of triumph into the stream, and sank with the flag — to rise no more.

There are, happily, in the annals of our army many more such gallant rescues and defences of the colours. Did space permit I would gladly relate them here, for they should be inscribed on the heart of every Englishman.



The resting place of the old flags of the Coldstream Guards in St. Paul's.

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"How D'You Do?"

A few words on the distinguished art of shaking hands.

By Margaret Collinson.

Illustrated with Photographs.

The indifferent way some women have of greeting a mere man.

Shaking hands with protruding elbows—a method happily in its decadence.

The man who imagines himself irresistible greets all women thus.

The charming method lovers adopt.

It would appear that the custom of taking the hand by way of indicating friendship is as ancient as history itself. For did not that famous warrior of the old Hebrew writings, Jehu, say to Jonadah: "Is thy heart right as my heart with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand?" To-day, hand-shaking is no longer so serious a matter; the hands of two individuals may be clasped while their hearts remain very far apart. Although the custom has become a mere form, yet to the keen observer it remains full of significance and a source of endless amusement.

For in none of our trivial, everyday actions do we express our separate individualities so strongly as in this conventional form of shaking hands. No two men or women do it exactly alike, and it is just this endless difference of method that makes the custom well worth observing. In the present article I am able to illustrate only a few of the best known methods, but if they influence the reader to keep an observant eye on friends and acquaintances when greeting one another, I shall have done what I wished—I shall have given him a fresh amusement in life.

Do you know the man who never takes a woman's hand without bending his face over it in a manner reminiscent of the custom now obsolete in English-speaking countries of greeting the fairer sex with a respectful kiss on the back of the hand? This individual hails chiefly from the Continent, but there are not a few of his species still extant in the British Islands. And when he happens to be an Englishman, he is not always entirely to the liking of the present writer. For he is practically certain to be one of those extraordinary persons who go through life fully persuaded that no woman has ever been able to resist them—a quaint error when one remembers that if there is one kind of man Englishwomen instinctively dislike, it is precisely the kind that affect ardent gestures of this nature.

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Lovers have many ways of greeting each other; with their eyes, with their lips, with their hands. The latter method is full of endless varieties. You see a man as often as not greet his *fiancée* with a mere conventional hand-shake; sometimes he retains the hand rather longer than is strictly necessary; sometimes he bends over it in the manner just described, which in his case may be freely condoned; and very frequently he captures both the girl's hands—a charming and picturesque method, and one which English lovers, who are curiously fearful of displaying their emotions, rarely affect in public.

The British workman greets a friend.

A fashionable style largely adopted by the *elite* of America.

"Oh, dearest, is it really true?"

The meanest method in the world.

But if we as a people dislike sentiment and gesture, we are the prime originators of all manner of fads, and the invention of new fads in hand-shaking has become quite a national pastime.

To stand as far apart from one another as possible and stretch out the arm so that little more than the tips of the fingers can touch is a method greatly in fashion to-day. It allows of neither a squeeze nor a shake, but looks rather elegant if done properly; the same may be said of the high hand-shake, absurd as it is. But the method which has no virtue whatever to recommend its adoption is that which consists in thrusting out the elbow at a right angle from the body and grasping hands on a level with the chest. Detestable and hideous as it is, this hand-shake became once quite a mania in England and America, and was also widely adopted on the Continent. It has still some vogue to-day, but is happily in its decadence.

It is customary for total strangers of opposite sex to bow on being introduced to each other, and when a man forgets this rule and extends his hand, a rather awkward situation ensues. For a woman very seldom forgets matters of social etiquette, and will, in all probability, ignore the proffered hand, or if she take it, do so in a fashion unmistakably suggestive of protest and disapproval. There are many women of strong-minded nature who entertain a pitying contempt for men in general, and their manner of greeting such inferior creatures is hardly calculated to soothe the latter's self-esteem. If one of these ladies should happen to be engaged in conversation with a friend, she never thinks of rising from her seat when you say your "How-do-you-do," but extends an indifferent hand, and

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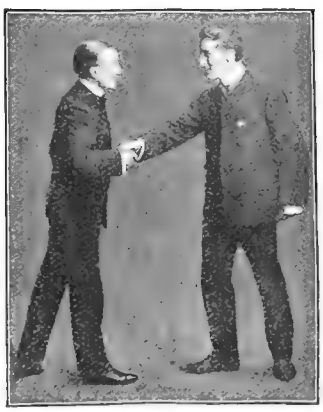
continues her conversation as though you were not worth a moment's consideration.

I think that men, as a rule, put more expression into their hand-shakes than women; it is in the face and manner of the latter, when they greet their friends, that you read their individualities. Examine the third photograph on the second page of this article. The pose of either girl is wonderfully full of meaning; the one on the left seems to be gratified but slightly embarrassed, the one on the right pleased, congratulatory, playful, and inclined to be teasing. But it is not in the grasping of the four hands that we read all this, it is in the whole position, and could we see the faces plainer, what new subtleties of mood and temperament might they not divulge! I have noticed also that when two women shake hands they very seldom look into each other's eyes; each casts a glance over the other's whole person as though to take in every possible outward detail. And then they draw those astonishingly rapid conclusions based on trivialities such as the colour of a skirt, the curve of an eyebrow, the style of a hat.

It is in his grip and shake that a man puts most expression. Have you ever seen two bluff British workmen greeting each other? Their hands meet with a sounding clap, and the vehement shaking that ensues would be extremely trying to men of less robust build.

The man on the right delights in crushing your hand to a pulp



"How are you, my dear fellow?"

A pair of "bounders" glad to meet each other.

Indeed, I scarcely know which is the most unpleasant: this ultra-hearty grip and shake — a method of hand-shaking by no means monopolised by the working man—or the soft, clammy, limp hand that some men extend to you — men whose friendship one is seldom very eager to cultivate. Then you have men who adopt a thrusting motion instead of a shake, others a sideward jerk, others, again, keep the arm perfectly stiff and merely squeeze the hand — three methods very disconcerting to those who shake hands in the conventional manner.

I may be a very intolerant and carping individual, but I must confess to a strong antipathy for the average doctor's hand-shake. It is scarcely a shake; it is rather a suave, confidential pressure, which becomes little short of intolerable —to me, at least—if the doctor in question happen to be the possessor of fat hands. And if you ask my reasons for this quaint antipathy, I can only say that this gentle pressnre always seems to me the dumb expression of "sincere condolences," or to suggest that you are too brittle to stand much shaking. It means well, no doubt; it means to be kindly and encouraging. But to me it fails to convey this impression, and I wish from the bottom of my soul that all doctors would greet their patient with a strong, "hail-fellow-well-met" grip and shake—a conventional enough method, but infinitely the most pleasing and satisfactory.

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THE CAPITULATION OF THE EARL

By Gerald Biss.

I.

From *Social Life*, May 15th:

"The Earl of Skelmarnock, K.T., left town unexpectedly last Saturday. He was accompanied by Lady Augusta Trefoil, his only daughter and the heiress to his immense wealth and unentailed estates, who, it is understood, was breaking down owing to the strain of the season. She is very much admired, being *petite* and fair haired, with wonderful black eyes. Needless to say, she has had many offers of marriage during this, her first season, and will doubtless marry in due course one of the unappropriated dukes, at least; but up to the present she remains heart-whole. His lordship, who watches over her with every tender care and solicitude, has taken her to his beautiful place in the Highlands to recruit; and we trust that she will soon be restored to her usual health. Her loss so early in the season will greatly be felt."

* * * * * * * *

Captain Jack Davenant, whose raiment bore not the slightest resemblance to that of Solomon in his glory, but was far more comfortable, entered the sitting-room of his flat in Jermyn Street, in pyjamas and a Paisley dressing-gown. Tall, well-built, and handsome, with brown hair inclined to curl, and a well-grown moustache, he had the reputation of being one of the smartest men in town, and was universally acknowledged to be a credit to the Coldstreams.

His breakfast was ready, and by his plate lay a pile of letters. These he picked up and glanced at critically, sifting the wheat from the chaff. Half his correspondence daily was the result of the exiguity of his account at Parr's, and had inexorably to be relegated to the blazing fire unopened. One, however, he seized with avidity and tore open, regardless of scented wax and dainty seal. It ran as follows:—

Skelmarnock Castle, N.B.

My very own darling,

Your letters are awfully sweet, but I must see *you* again. Ever since the Earl bundled me off in the middle of the season, months ago now, to this benighted spot, without even so much as a good-bye, I've been dying for a look at your dear face. You really must come up here to see me, as there is no possible chance of my being allowed to run up to town to see you—no such luck! I'm tired to death of Scotch scenery, local lairds, and perennial rain. You tell me in your last letter that you will get some leave in a few days, and I have hit on such a lovely plan to enable us to spend it together. You won't be able to spend any money, which will be a good thing; in fact, you will earn some! Our second footman is leaving in a few days; why shouldn't you come and take his place? You need only stay a short time, and then you can give notice. Do come, there's a darling! I can't live any longer without seeing you again. Because I am the greatest heiress in England, that is no reason why I can help loving the handsomest man in the world! You remember you played the footman in the Guards' burlesque, and did it awfully well, too; so this won't be your first place, will it? I'll see you get taken on: I'll get Lily Fancourt to write and recommend you very strongly, and, as we want a man badly, you are sure to get the situation. It was thinking of that Guards' burlesque and how nice you looked in it, that made me think of this. Isn't it a splendid idea? Wire me (*via* Louisa), in case Mrs. Matthews engages anyone else. I *am* looking

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forward to seeing you again so soon, darling. Hooray! I feel *so* excited.

Heaps of love and kisses from your own little sweetheart,

Gus.

P.S. The Earl is very shortsighted and sure not to notice you. The butler, the only one of the servants who has seen you, only saw you *once*, the Saturday in Ascot week. Do you remember?

Jack read it to the end without moving a muscle of his face. Then he whistled. "Whew! Here's a rum start with a vengeance! Fancy living in the servants' hall and kow-towing to the old butler! Never mind, it's worth it; by Jove, it is! Anything to see the little woman again! Wonder how I shall look in plush in real life?"

He got up and looked in the mirror.

"Confound it," he groaned, "I shall have to shave my moustache! They would never let a second footman wear one. Can't be helped; it's got to be done. Fancy her noticing me in the burlesque!" Here he picked up a photo of a little lady with laughing eyes and an enticing mouth, unprotected by reason of a slightly *retroussé* nose, and kissed it fervently.

"She didn't know me at all in those days. By Jove, I'll go; and bother the moustache and all the other inconveniences!"

So, with mind made up, Jack rang for a telegraph form and sat down contentedly to cold kidneys and coagulated bacon.

II.

Skelmarnock Castle is one of those portentous products of early Scottish art, that have little to recommend them save antiquity, bare and bleak, half ruined and wholly historical; and, needless to say, the austerity of its outside did not impress Captain Davenant favourably after his cold night journey to Glasgow, followed by three hours on a Caledonian branch line and a fifteen mile drive through the rain.

It was hard to settle down into his new position; he missed his moustache, he had nearly given himself away by travelling first class, and somehow the groom, who had driven him from the station, had seemed offensively familiar and jarred on his nerves. The butler's greeting had been coldly patronising, but motherly Mrs. Matthews, a quaint combination of dignity and docility, had stirred the uttermost depths of his gratitude by her kindly and cordial reception.

Mentally and physically, he was just beginning to thaw on the following morning, while the housekeeper was detailing his duties, when the door flew open and a familiar voice made his heart thump and jump in a most unwonted manner.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Matthews," she began, pretending to draw back, "I had no idea that you were busy."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, your ladyship," the housekeeper answered, rising and smiling. "I was just explaining his duties to the new footman."

"Oh, this is the new footman, is it?" said Gussie, surveying him with critical eye and beating heart. "He is the one that is to attend on me, isn't he? Mind," she went on, turning to Jack, "when I ring, I insist on the bell being answered smartly. By the way, what is your name?"

"Dalton, your ladyship," answered Jack, torn between a desire to laugh and a desire to catch in his arms and hug her dignified little ladyship.

Then, turning away from him, as though his presence was of no further interest to her, she went on to the housekeeper:

"Please, Mrs. Matthews, might I trouble you to ask Benson for a glass of sherry? I'll wait here for it."

"Certainly, my lady. I'll fetch it myself," answered Mrs. Matthews, who for years had worshipped at Lady Augusta's shrine, waddling eagerly out of the room.

Almost before the door shut behind her, Gus was nestling close in Jack's arms.

"Wasn't that clever of me, dear?" she gasped in the midst of the hail-storm of Jack's kisses.

"You little genius," said Jack, ceasing from his pleasant occupation for an instant and holding her at arm's length, "how lovely it is to see you again!"

"Oh, Jack," she went on mournfully, "I forgot you'd have to lose your beautiful moustache!"

"Never mind, sweetheart," said the footman, resuming his duties.

"Careful, Jack darling," whispered Gus, half stifled; "I hear the shuffle of ox-footed Mrs. Matthews!"

In an instant the model Dalton was at attention, and her ladyship was glancing at the *Morning Post*, with her back haughtily turned on him.

During the next fortnight Captain Davenant, alias Dalton, mixed the bitters with the sweets of life. Three or four times a day he snatched a few sweet knavish moments with Gus in the library or in her boudoir, when he carried up her tea.

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Three times on his afternoons off she had met him in one of the plantations, and they had wandered about making love, forgetful of their strange position and thankful to Scotland for its solitude.

But as for the rest of the twenty-four hours, he existed in the seventh purgatory of disgust; he was forced to fetch and carry for the pompous and tyrannical Benson, to listen to the coarse humour of his senior officer in lackeydom, whose strictures and satires included the whole household from Lady Augusta to the scullerymaid, from the Earl to the boot-boy—to ward off the well-laid attacks on his virtue of the ogling second housemaid—to valet the Earl's ancient and cantankerous guests—to answer the constantly clanging and jingling bells, and to wait at table.

Her ladyship was glancing at the "Morning Post," with her back haughtily turned on him.

Altogether the uncongeniality of his surroundings decided him, as he lay awake one night in his cheerless bedroom, to tell Gus the next day he must throw it up.

The second housemaid had been more persistent than ever, the footman more objectionable, and Benson more overbearing; and the camel's back was broken.

When the library bell rang the next morning, Jack answered it with the firm determination of coming to an understanding with Augusta.

He opened the door and went in, but not a soul was in sight.

"Confound!" he muttered, but his ejaculation was stifled by a pair of arms round his neck and a merry laugh behind him.

"Oh, Jack, such fun!" she cried out; "I knew you'd be cross at not finding me here; so I hid behind the door. But you shouldn't swear, you naughty boy," she continued, as Jack picked her up in his arms and kissed her. Suddenly she saw the reflection of the scene in the pier-glass near her.

"Jack, darling, what would people say?"

"They'd say what a sensible and lucky chap I am, little sweetheart," answered the powdered Captain. "But there isn't going to be much more footman about it, I can tell you. I'm not going to live in plush all my life and go about *poudré*, like a dowager at a fancy dress ball."

"But, darling," broke in Gus sympathetically. "You've no idea how funny you look with powdered hair and no moustache."

"I'm hanged if I'm going to look funny any longer, even for your sake," broke in Jack, almost angrily. "I've come to tell you that I'm going to give Mrs. Matthews notice and clear out as soon as possible. If you had to put up with Benson's bullying——"

"The brute!"

"Or James's vulgar gibes about you and the rest of the household. . . ."

"The beast!"

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"Or Maria's persistent ogling and love-making. . . ."

"The minx!"

"You'd be pretty sick of it in a fortnight," went on Jack, regardless of interruptions and not waiting to draw breath.

"You poor old darling," said Gus, deeply sympathetic, "I had no idea it was so awful as all that. Perhaps the best thing you can do *is* to go away as soon as possible. Besides, do you know the Earl is beginning to ask whom you are like? He says you remind him very much of somebody, and you are quite getting on his nerves. I think it is about time you were off!"

"I don't see," broke in Jack rather irritably, "why your old curmudgeon of a father should object to me so. I've got the best part of a thousand a year, and our family is old as the hills, or the Trefoils for that matter. Why, I should have been an earl, too, if Kilcork hadn't chanced to arrive first!"

"Poor old Jack," said Gus. "What bad luck!"

"Why don't you come with me, then," asked Jack, drawing her close to him, "and settle the matter once for all? The Earl is going away for a day or two next week, I heard him say so, as I handed him the potatoes last night. Why shouldn't we go, too? You could ask for me to drive with you in the afternoon, and we could be over at Killmalloch in time for the 4.15, and at Glasgow by dinner time. Then we could go on to town by the night-mail and be married the first thing the next morning. As the 4.15 is the last train, no one could follow us till the next day at the earliest, and by then we should be married. Besides, no one would know where we were, as they'd think that you had bolted with the footman!"

"What fun, Jack, what fun!" cried the Lady Augusta clapping her hands. "And think of the Earl's face! He would have a bad quarter of an hour. . . ."

"Or longer!" interrupted Jack, grinning grimly. "Are you game, little woman? You know, if he cuts up crusty, it means very short commons for us both."

"Oh, Jack darling, what will that matter?" said Gus, blissfully ignorant of poverty. "I shall have *you*. And who is to say that the Earl won't come out of his shell, when he finds it *isn't* the footman?"

"Well, well, we'll see," said Jack doubtfully. "We can arrange the details later on."

"Yes, Jack, you must run back to your work," she said mischievously, "or you'll be getting the sack!"

During the next few days, life seemed less irksome to Jack in his capacity of Dalton. Benson's bullying amused him, James's jests seemed to have more point, and he even condescended in the buoyancy of his heart to kiss the persevering Maria one day behind the pantry door, to see what it was like.

In the little oases of their meetings, Gus and he arranged all the details of their departure, even down to what dress she should wear and how long they should stay in Jermyn Street *en route* for Paris, to restock her voluntarily relinquished wardrobe.

At last the eventful day arrived. All went well, and the Earl left in the morning for a still more bleak and northern castle.

After lunch Gus ordered the trap and told Dalton that she would require him to drive with her, careless of comment.

It evoked a good deal of gossip in the servants' hall and a parting *bon mot* from James, that nearly ended Jack's and his friendly intercourse with blows, but Davenant restrained his longing.

At a quarter to three they started, Gus driving and Jack perched up behind with folded arms, in a dark suit and a regulation white tie. In his pocket he carried another tie and a false moustache, to replace the one he had lost.

"Guess she'll have him up in front in a mile or two," sneered James to Benson, as they watched the trap disappear down the avenue.

"Shouldn't be surprised," assented Benson. "Sure to, if she's made of the same stuff as Maria!"

And for once they were not so far out as usual, as two miles from the lodge-gates Gus stopped and turned round.

"Shut up the back, darling, and jump up beside me. How sweet you look!" she went on, noticing the moustache. "I suppose you'll grow a real one on the honeymoon!"

At Kilmalloch they put up the trap and caught the train comfortably. They dined in Glasgow and travelled by the mail. Once in town, they breakfasted, and then visited Doctor's Commons.

By two o'clock they were married, and, as Gus said, it seemed so absurd not to have a reception or go away at once by train: what were they to do for the rest of the day?

So they went off to Prince's for lunch.

III.

From the time he received Benson's telegram till he was back in his favourite chair

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in the library, the Earl spoke never a word. He was like a man in a dream, dreading to wake to the reality of life and bite the dust of humility. He sat with his head bowed in his hands, trying to grope his way out of the darkness of dismay and disorder. At last a dim ray of light flashed through his dislocated thoughts.

"Perhaps Davenant will help," he muttered. "Perhaps he'll save her. It shall be worth his while."

Galvanised into sudden activity by the thought, he got up and rang the bell.

"A trap, Benson, in five minutes," he ordered peremptorily, speaking for the first time. "I've just time to catch the 4.45, and catch it I *must*."

The hours of waiting in Glasgow were a weary contrast to the merry meal of Jack and Gus; and throughout his long journey, full of fancies, the Earl's eyes never closed, as he sat in melancholy meditation.

As soon as Euston was reached, he jumped into a cab and drove furiously to Jermyn Street.

The knocking brought the real Dalton hurriedly to the door.

"Is Captain Davenant within?" asked his lordship eagerly.

"Yes, sir," said Dalton, for once off his guard, eyeing the stranger; "but he is not dressed yet."

Almost before the words had flown irrevocably from the man's mouth, the old gentleman had elbowed his way past him, saying excitedly:

"Tell him that the Earl of Skelmarnock is most anxious to speak to him, and ask him please to make all possible haste."

Fearing he had made a *faux pas*, Dalton knocked timidly at the door, and delivered the message.

"What the blazes do you mean by letting him in, you idiot!" exclaimed Jack in a wrathful whisper, slamming the door in the man's face.

But he lost no time in completing his toilet. Then, sticking on his moustache, he went out to meet his father-in-law.

As he entered his own sitting-room, he felt decidedly sheepish, and was aghast to see how terribly haggard and old the Earl looked—grey and gaunt as his own castle.

The old gentleman sprang forward eagerly.

"Excuse my early intrusion, Captain Davenant, but I am in terrible trouble about my daughter."

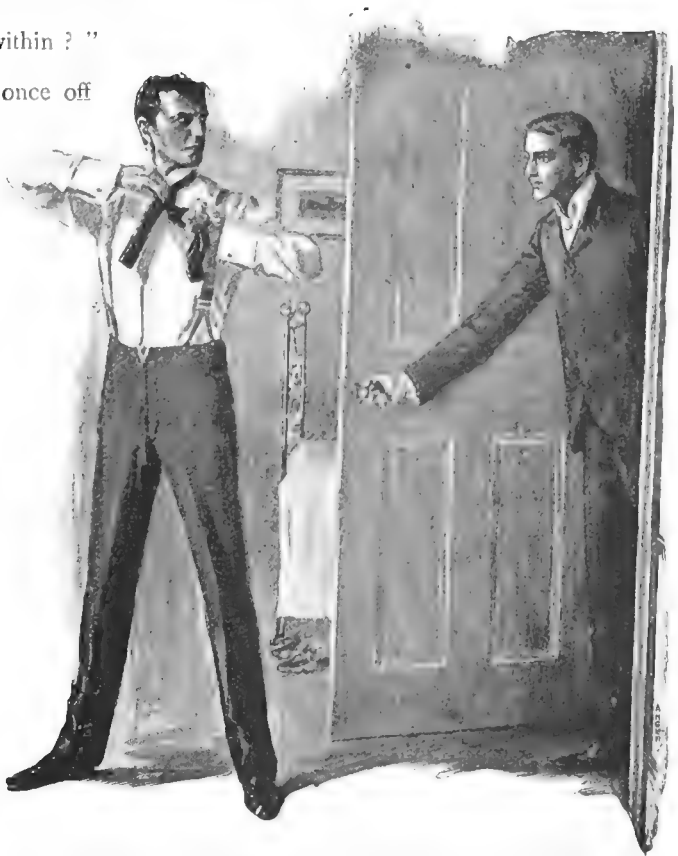
"Really?" said Jack, not knowing what else to say and not realising the situation.

"And you only," continued the Earl, "can help me out of it—that is, if you will. I feel I've no right to ask, and I hardly dare suggest it; but I know you love my daughter."

"Indeed I do, sir," interrupted Jack, still puzzled.

"A terrible thing has happened. My daughter ran away from home on Tuesday with a mere flunkey! Will you help me to find her, and, if it is not too late, marry her?"

"I will," said Jack at last grasping the situation.



"What the blazes do you mean by letting him in, you idiot!"

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"You are a noble fellow, Captain Davenant, and I have treated you abominably in the past," exclaimed the old Earl with brimming eyes, as he seized Jack's hand. "I feel half responsible on account of my harshness for this terrible occurrence. Well, Captain Davenant, my daughter shall not go to you dowerless. Pay this cheque into your bank, and the moment my daughter is your bride, it is your own to make any use of you may wish."

Jack took the cheque and said: "Now, sir, I should suggest that you go to some hotel and rest, while I go to Lyons' and start some detectives on Lady Augusta's track. I assure you everything possible shall be done."

"Thank you, my boy, thank you," said the old gentleman brokenly, "I am sure you will do your best. Come to lunch with me at the Victoria and bring me any news there is. I must take some rest, or I shall break down."

Almost before Lord Skelmarnock was out of the flat, Jack ran to his wife waving the cheque like a madman.

"Your dowry, darling," he cried, kissing her; "a quarter of a million!"

And it was about five minutes before Gussie could get a rational explanation of what had passed.

When she heard, she joined in the war-whoops, until something occurred to her.

"Didn't you tell him in the end, darling?" she asked.

"Not I," answered Jack, "I'm going to take you round to lunch and explain then!"

"Oh, Jack," said Gussie in horror, "I'm afraid to go."

"Never you fear, little woman," asseverated Jack stoutly, "I'll see you through all right."

Nevertheless, it was with a certain amount of trepidation that Jack led his blushing bride upstairs to the Earl's private sitting-room at the Victoria.

As they entered, taking the bull by the horns, Jack said in a loud voice:

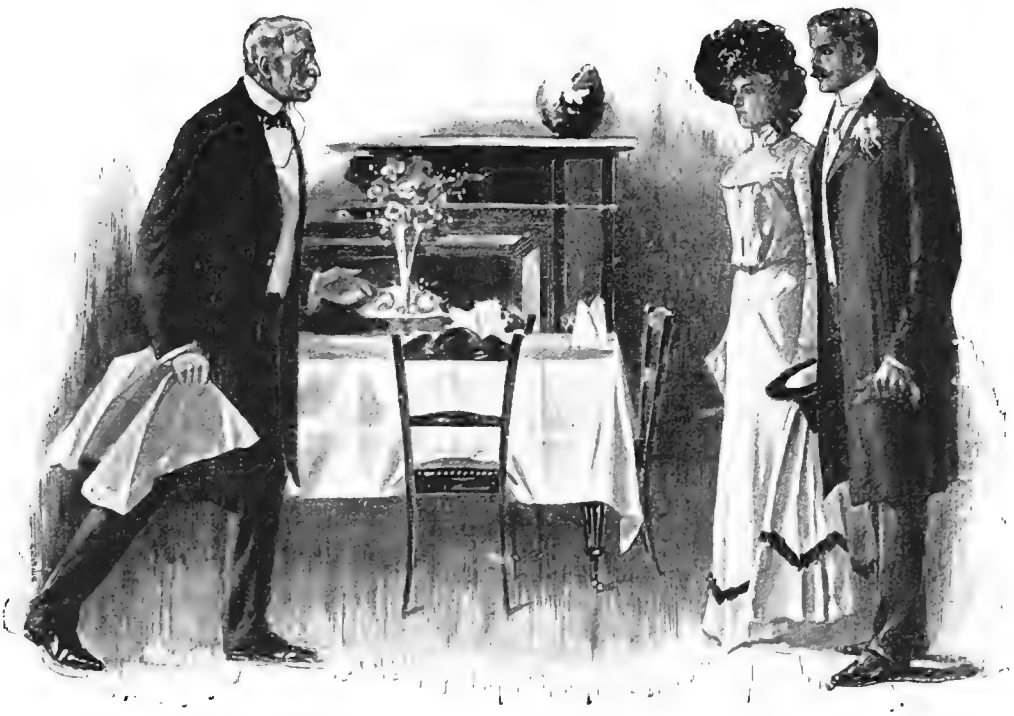
"Allow me to present to your lordship the Lady Augusta Davenant."

The Earl started forward, exclaiming: "Good Heavens, how did you manage to do it so quickly?"

Slipping off his moustache, Jack took his wife's hand and said, bowing to the Earl:—

"Allow me, also, to present to your lordship Mr. and Mrs. John Dalton, the second footman and his bride."

And then, in a flash, the Earl realised whom the new footman had resembled so closely.



"Allow me to present to your lordship the Lady Augusta Davenant."

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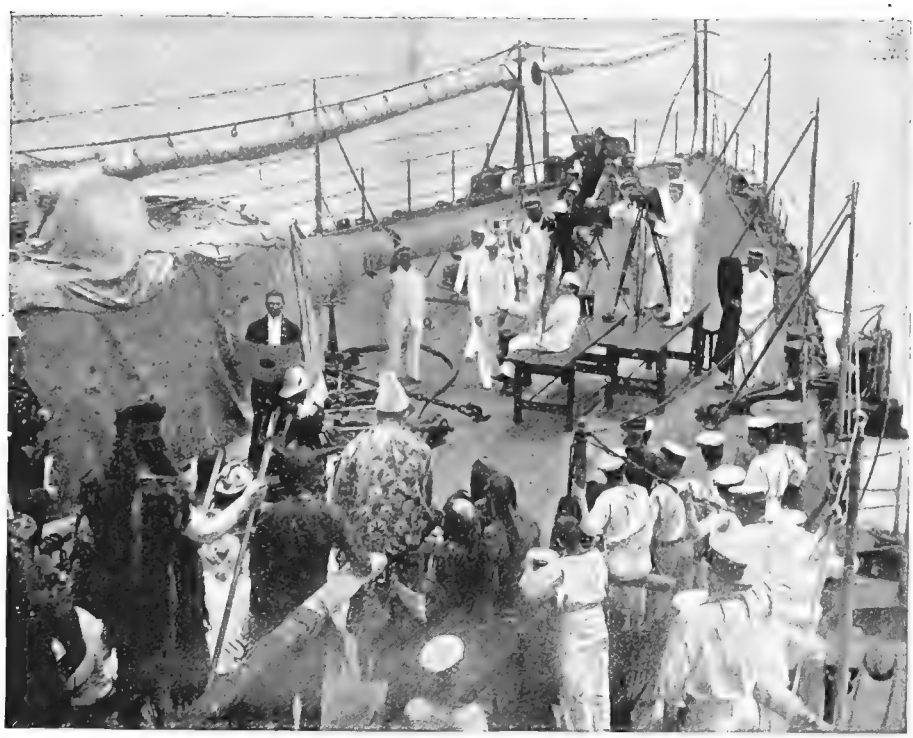

Captain Percy Scott, to whose ingenuity it was due that the naval guns arrived at the nick of time to the defence of Ladysmith, taking a photograph of Neptune and his party.

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CROSSING THE LINE.

Being one of a series of articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Every schoolboy knows that the Equator is an imaginary line round the earth equally distant from the poles and dividing the globe into two hemispheres. It is not until he crosses the line in one of His Majesty's ships or in a merchant vessel that he learns of the toll which Father Neptune demands of all sailors when they pass this mystic circle. The line has its terrors, but they are not what they were in the memory of many naval seamen, when the occasion was sometimes seized as an opportunity for horseplay that verged on actual cruelty and led to illness of a more or less serious character. The old bluejackets who won our victories in the past were so inured to hardship that they probably saw nothing extreme in their celebrations.

The experience of crossing the Line was regarded as the hall-mark of a full fledged sailorman and gave to a youngster an importance that he had not enjoyed before. The function was participated in by officers and men: none was allowed to escape if muscle or guile could secure his attendance. Occasionally the crew would make the ceremonies an excuse for paying off old scores against an unpopular officer or petty officer.

Of late years this old naval custom has become less general, and when observed, is accompanied by none of the brutalities that sometimes marred the fun in times gone by. Even when the Dukes of Clarence and York crossed the line twenty years ago, Lord Charles Scott, the present Naval Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, saw no reason why these royal officers should not pay toll to Neptune like ordinary seamen, and very good fun resulted. From one of the members of the crew of *H.M.S. Bacchante*, an account has been obtained of the ceremonies that were observed when the Sailor Prince was made a freeman of the sea.

The functions began after dark on the

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evening previous to the day when it was known that the *Bacchante* and her attendant ships would reach the dividing line. The first intimation to the uninitiated came about nine o'clock, from the following dialogue, carried on in stentorian tones, between an oakum-bearded old salt (rigged up as Father Neptune, and surrounded by half-a-dozen smaller gods of the sea, who stood on the forecastle, after climbing in over the bows from the hawser pipes below) and Lord Charles Scott, the Captain, who stood on the poop with his senior officers.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Neptune from the bows.

"Aye, aye!" replied the Captain from the poop.

"What ship is this?" inquired the god of the seas.

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Bacchante*, cruising with the detached squadron of Rear-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam!" replied Lord Charles.

"Are there any of my 'chickens' on board," asked Neptune.

"A few!" answered the skipper.

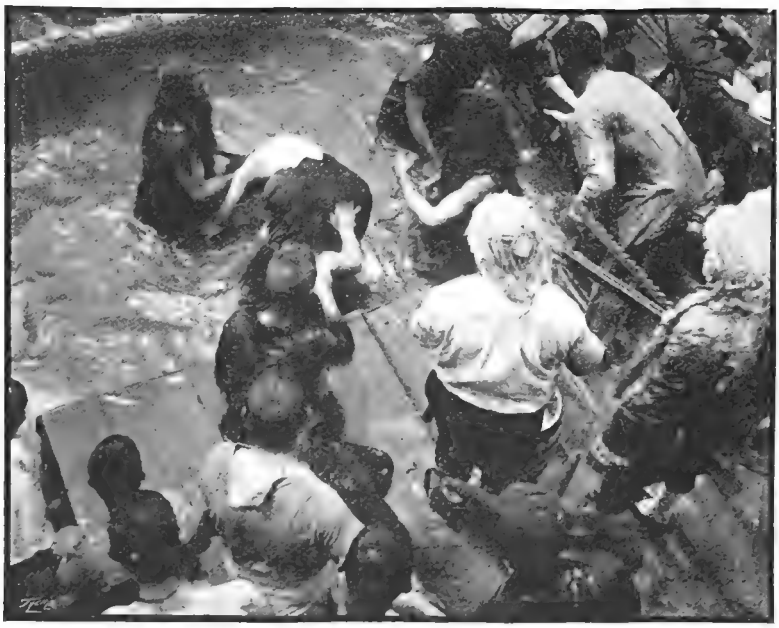
"Then I will pay a visit and receive toll to-morrow forenoon!" shouted Neptune as he and his oakum-haired crew vanished over the bows and down the cutwater once more.

This conversation, of course, attracted considerable attention among the younger officers and men, who swarmed on the quarter-deck and forecastle to listen to the dialogue. This was the long anticipated opportunity for the old salts who had previously climbed to the fore, main and mizzen tops, and had hauled up buckets of water for this very moment. As Neptune and his companions vanished, buckets of water were thrown over the top rails, and came down in a shower which completely drenched those unsuspecting young sailors beneath, who thus had their first experience of Neptune's christening ceremonies.

The following morning a huge canvas bath was rigged up in the gangway, on the upper deck, with all its sides at such a slope that it was most difficult to scramble from its centre to the outer edges; especially when it was partly filled with water. At the other end of this bath, a platform was built, which overlooked it in a manner that made it easy for a man to be tilted backward out of a chair into the water. These arrangements were made before breakfast, and hoses from all the fire mains, with branch pipes at their ends, were laid along the upper deck ready for use.

After the men had been mustered at "divisions" as usual, the fun of the day began. Neptune, armed with his trident, and accompanied by Amphitrite and the remainder of his court and sprites, all dressed out in the most approved water-nymph style, and followed by about a dozen great "bears," with whom to work his will on his "chickens," again appeared on the forecastle. They formed a quaint procession which marched aft to call on the captain, and be regaled with a glass of grog before opening the morning's ceremony.

All the hatchways leading from the upper to the



Every sailor who has not previously crossed the Line has to go through many tribulations when first doing so. The ducking process pictured above is, perhaps, the most trying.
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other decks (except one on the quarter-deck) were then temporarily closed so that those inclined to dodge their baptism of the ocean might be more readily caught and brought before the great sea-god. At the conclusion of his call on the captain, Neptune mounted the platform and took his place on the judgment seat, with his court around him while the "bears" disposed themselves elsewhere, some going into the large bath while others—so as to be handy to do duty as barbers and policemen—took up their positions near a chair placed on the edge of the platform with its back to the bath.

Sailors preparing the costumes for the ceremony of crossing the Line.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

The "chickens" were, one at a time, marched up to His Majesty who sentenced them on their merits—or demerits—to number one, two or three "razor," consisting of species of hoop-iron with varying degrees of rough jagged edges, number one being the worst. The sentence largely depended upon the report of the policemen and the trouble the "chicken" had given before he could be caught, and was added to generally by any latent prejudices the police or the judge had against the victim.

Once sentenced, the "chicken" was instantly placed in the chair with its back to the bath, and one of the bears dipped a large whitewash brush into a bucket of lather composed of soap and lime, with just enough vegetable tar to give the necessary adhesive quality to it, and began to lather the face of the culprit, whose arms were held behind his back while the barber operated on him. During the lathering process the "chicken" was asked innumerable questions about his age, place of birth, the last ship he served in, and various other subjects. If he remained silent he was considered obstinate, and his sentence increased, while every time he opened his mouth to reply, the lathering brush choked it up with the shaving preparation.

Following the brush came the razor, and while his face was still smarting from its unpleasant attentions, the victim found his heels in the air in the act of being canted backwards into the bath, where he passed into the hands of the "bears," who dipped and ducked him regardless of breathing time, as they passed him from one to the other end of the double line which they had formed along the bath. But even when he had run the gauntlet in this way, his trouble was not at an end. After, with great difficulty, struggling up the slippery and slanting sides to the edge of the canvas, his fingers were rapped until he was compelled to let go his hold, or he was beaten back with old stockings filled with oatmeal, or sawdust, and a dozen other kinds of weapons held by men who surrounded every inch of the rim of the bath, and who had themselves just passed through the ordeal or had previously crossed the line. On sliding back into the centre, the victim again became the sport of the "bears," and was only allowed to scramble out and regain his liberty when he was almost exhausted by their mauling.

But while all this is going on in the bath

Two of the funny men at their antics.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

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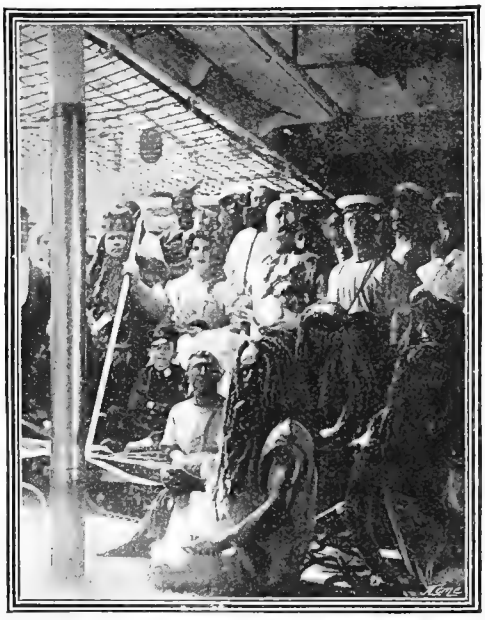
and on the platform, there is not a dry spot to be found on the upper deck from the main-top downwards. For the fire pump is started down below in the engine-room the moment Neptune comes on board, and water at a good pressure is forced through a dozen branch pipes at the end of hoses on the upper deck. These are held by a dozen burly old sea-dogs who play their streams freely upon everyone within reach. Even the rigging is no shelter from this, for the jet follows the would-be runaway half-way up the mainmast, and he is then met either by another jet from a hose that has been hauled up into the main-top, or is douched with buckets of water showered on him by men who station themselves aloft for that purpose.



Neptune and his court as they appear on the day when the Line is crossed.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

Fortunately the weather on the Line is always so hot as to make a suit which is wet through, a grateful rather than an ungrateful covering to the body. It is not, however, altogether pleasant to find oneself the target of a concentration of half-a-dozen branch pipes, especially when these hard-hitting jets of water strike one in the face. A good deal of swab-throwing is also indulged in during the forenoon, and in the "chicken" hunt every nook and cranny of the ship is searched, and a bucket of water thrown in any suspicious looking hole often discloses the fact that a novice has his nest there. At noon the pumps are stopped and the ceremony ends, and anyone who has managed to conceal himself until that time, may congratulate himself on having cheated Neptune of his toll, and can emerge from the hiding-place that has served him so well.

On the occasion of the ceremonies on the *Bacchante* the two young princes joined in the morning's frolics with the utmost good humour. It is certain that Neptune and his followers thoroughly enjoyed the unique sensation of initiating the two middies of royal blood, whose spirited determination to undergo the same pains and penalties as their companions of less noble birth raised them in the estimation of the crew immensely. The Rev. John Dalton, then governor of the princes, and now a C.M.G. and Prebendary of Windsor, was also baptised in a faith he knew not of before. It has been said that his illustrious pupils (who preceded him in his initiation) thoroughly enjoyed seeing the reverend gentleman taking his bath good-naturedly; even if they did not have a hand in the business—about which also rumour has its own story.

This day's fun laid the foundation of the popularity which the sailor prince, now a Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, has always enjoyed in the Navy. In later years His Royal Highness has cemented this feeling of hearty appreciation by his bearing, his geniality, and simple unaffected manners when at sea in the *Thrush*, the *Melampus*, and in the *Crescent*, and several other ships of war. Now he is the only Royal Prince on the active list of the Navy, and officers and men are proud of the distinction he has conferred on the sea-service.

The old crossing-the-line ceremonies are still honoured, though not so generally as in the old days. When the great cruiser *Terrible* passed over the Equator on her way to Durban to land a naval brigade, the respect due to the old Man of the Sea was not forgotten even among the stern preparations for war. Captain Percy Scott, her popular commanding officer, keen as he is on good gunnery and smart drills, belongs to the old school so far as the observance of quaint customs are concerned. A few days before the ship was expected to cross the Line, the arrangements began, and soon Neptune and his suite had been provided with the regulation garments, the sea-king's attire being completed by a crown studded with imitation jewels. His wife, the Lady

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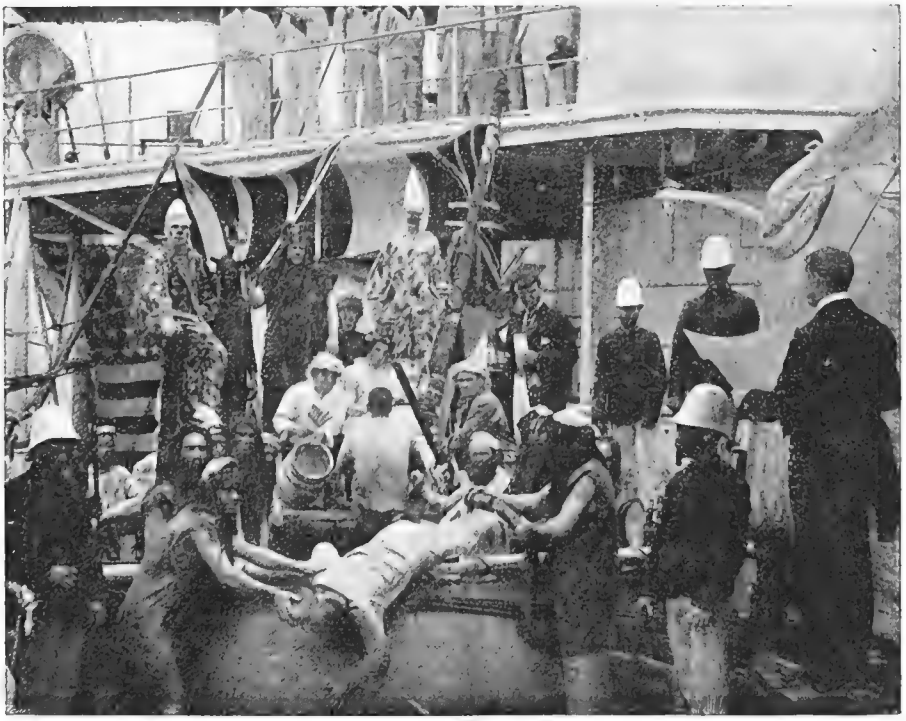
Amphitrite, was impersonated by one of the younger lieutenants, who wore a dress of white natural Japan silk. These two personages were accompanied by their son, a middy, and their daughter, a ship's steward's boy.

On the night previous to the crossing of the Line, the customary permission was asked and given to come on board to exact toll due to the king of the ocean. When Neptune and his personal suite appeared, they were received on the starboard gangway by a Marine Guard who presented arms with broom handles, the ship's band meantime playing, and then the visitors were received with ceremony by Captain Scott and his chief officers, and the final arrangements made for the morrow's event.

The following morning the visitors were again ceremoniously welcomed. After Neptune and Amphitrite had been seated in a state car they were drawn round the ship by the inevitable "bears," and on reaching the quarterdeck the party, which numbered nearly fifty, was welcomed by the captain and officers, a master of ceremonies reading an address consisting of a series of topical verses. This was followed by another example of rhyme from the "royal secretary." After presents of a smokeable character had been bestowed on Neptune and his crew, the procession was continued, and then commenced the business of the morning, which was gloriously fine, though it was the beginning of chill October. The fun was fast and furious. No fewer than thirty officers of the ship had not previously crossed the Equator, and paid toll. Neptune held that, in virtue of their positions, they had to undergo the shaving and bathing operations before the men, with the result, that owing to the passage of time, many seamen had to be excused the customary formalities. The day's festivities concluded with a smoking concert. From these details it will be understood that the *Terrible* is what sailors call a "happy ship," and it almost goes without saying that her crew are also among the most efficient in the whole service, and hold the record for naval gunnery.

It is a pity that there should be a tendency to disregard these old customs in the new Navy, for they cement the feelings of respect and good-fellowship between officers and men, without undermining the necessary strict discipline of life at sea.



The "chicken," or sailor who is crossing the Line for the first time, being made a freeman of the sea.
(By permission of the "Navy and Army Illustrated.")

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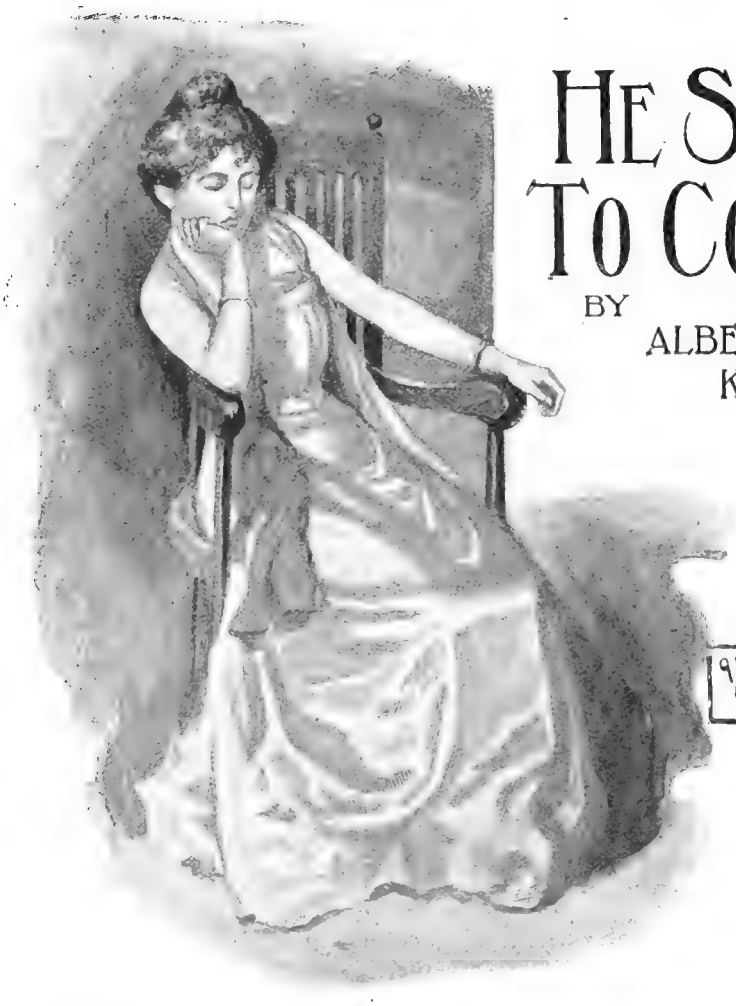

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER

BY

ALBERT KINROSS

THE hotel had begun to stare at Captain Barry. True, he had put aside his crutches and with them the interesting invalid — he leaned now heavily upon a stick—but that was not the reason. The hotel had grown cold. Barry and Barry's friend were discussed audibly in the lounge, and in the drawing-room one heard indignant voices.

He had come there early in the year, sun-baked, lean and crippled, he and his nurse and the crutches. "Shot through both thighs at Magersfontein," was the rumour, and inquiry confirmed it. Everybody petted Barry then. The ladies hardly waited for an introduction, the men in the smoke-room left him the easiest chair. But now—people were shaking their heads.

He had long since discarded the crutches and sent away the nurse. Instead of her and a nine o'clock bed-time, came Hooper from the camp, young, tall, the unmistakable subaltern; and these two sat together in the smoke-room till unholy hours and drank. They drank whiskey, often a bottle at a sitting, said report. The ladies in the drawing-room were neglected and those in the lounge, outside where you could smoke, saw naught of Barry. Barry had declined. The head waiter had put him to bed three times in one week, so said report. As a matter of fact, it was only once. And then Hooper was sent out to South Africa, was bundled off to the Front, and Barry became sober again and took a comfortable seat in the shade; and one dear woman, cosily lodged in the Sandgate Road, reviled Barry under her breath and said insulting things about Hooper.

I had looked on. I had seen that Barry had not taken nearly so much as he pretended; that Hooper had had more than his fair share of the whiskey, and was, indeed, as that dear woman to whom reference has already been made had put it, a fool garnished with liberal and changing adjectives.

He was vain, he was weak, he was gullible and doubly broke. He borrowed money for cab fares and never had cigarettes of his own.

Once I had more than looked on, only once. It was Hooper's last night in camp; he

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was to sail next day. Barry came into my room before dinner, threw away his stick, and sat down on the bed.

"Excuse me," he said, "but will you join Hooper and me this evening? He's dining here and I must keep him till twelve. If you join us, it'll be easier."

I looked at Barry for more.

"I must keep him till twelve—he'll have to leave the Service if I don't.

Barry had dropped his invalid's graces, even the husky drawl he had of late affected; he was short, brisk, and quite the soldier.

"I don't really know you," he said, "except from stopping at the hotel—but you're an Englishman, are you not?"

I nodded, waiting for him.

"We're to make a night of it and then—well, Hooper sails to-morrow. And—er" he added as an after-thought, "if we're a bit rowdy you needn't mind Gutekunst"—the hotel was Gutekunst's—"I've squared him, and a cab will be here at twelve to take the cub home. We've to hold him till then," and Barry went out.

That was all I knew for the present, but it seemed enough to go on with. I was down in Folkestone for change, and this promised a little.

Ten minutes later I met Barry in the hall. He was leaning heavily on his stick, and the ladies were making way for him as for one who had fallen. They were very cold, and his laugh was harsh and husky, and he had a bold look that none of them seemed to like.

By-and-bye came Hooper. The two dined together at their table and drank much wine. People remarked upon the quantity of wine and the loudness of Barry's laugh. Even Hooper reproved him, kicking him under the table with that object.

They had their coffee in the lounge, and there I was introduced, and there Barry ate lighted matches, called the waiter by original names, and otherwise misconducted himself. He insisted on our arms when we turned into the smoke-room, and there he produced cards, letting Hooper win. Soon, however, Hooper grew restless and looked at the clock. But Barry would not let him go.

Ten minutes later I met Barry in the hall. He was leaning heavily on his stick.

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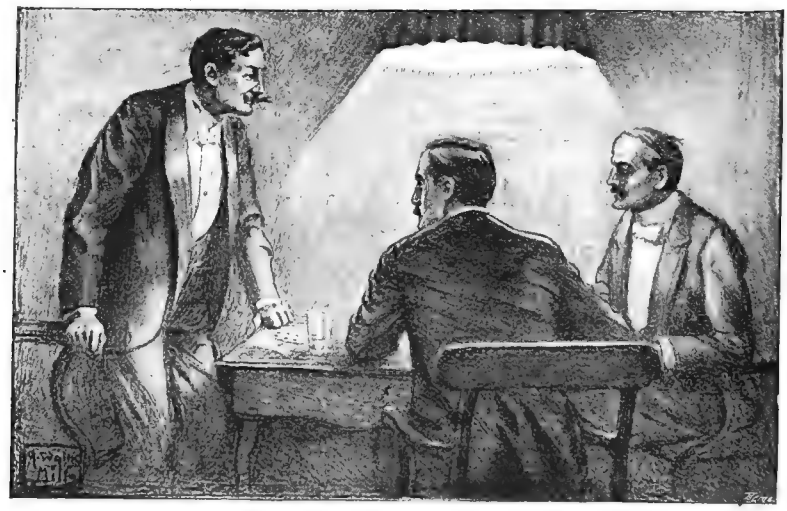

"Didn't know I was as bad as this," he said doubtfully, "I'll have a fly."

"You've won our money," said Barry, "and now you're off."

Hooper pleaded an important engagement — "my last night, you know," he explained.

"Let her go," said Barry, "you're off to-morrow, and I want some of my money back."

So we played on, and Hooper won. We let him win, Barry handing me coin—"It'll save you the fag of going up to your room," he said, and he winked.

I lost most of it; and Hooper, fired by his winnings, began to grow reckless. He also drank much whiskey.

A second time he looked at the clock and threw down his cards.

"No, you don't. Have another peg and give us a fair chance!" said Barry.

And between us we kept him. It was expensive at first, but when we started to win, we overhauled him pretty fast. His play became wilder, and he was losing quicker than he had won.

Every once in a while he looked at the clock, but now that the game had turned, it was he who wanted to stay, and, when we had quite cleaned him out, he kept on, marking his losses on a piece of paper. And we stood this; even let him cheat, at which he was clumsy.

He was something to the good when we left off and fairly resigned.

"You chaps have made me miss a good thing—poor girl, I've a good mind to knock her up now," he said, pocketing his money.

But Barry didn't mind this time. "Another peg, old chap, and good luck to you," he said, filling for Hooper. Half and half it was. And then Hooper got up and staggered.

"Didn't know I was as bad as this," he said doubtfully, "I'll have a fly."

We rang for the sleepy waiter. He'd been abusing us in German for keeping him out of bed, but he was wide awake enough to know that Hooper's fly was there.

And so presently Hooper set out, very unsteady, and we said good-bye to him on the kerb.

He gave an address in the Sandgate Road.

But Barry was ready for this. He had thrown his stick away, taken somebody's cap and coat from the hall, and had actually mounted the box.

"If you're not too tired you might wait," he said, as they rolled off, "I'd better see this through." I grinned; for he was personally conducting Hooper back to his quarters at Shorncliffe Camp.

Barry came to me in my room not so long after. The electric light had gone and we sat with candles. "Hooper's safe," said Barry; "and—and—there'll be the dickens to pay somewhere!"

I looked, and Barry caught my look.

"But, of course, you don't understand all this," he continued. "You've been deuced good to trust me. It's like this. They're short of men at the Camp owing to the war, too short for words, and so Hooper's been on the Staff—they've had an ass like Hooper on the Staff! The General doesn't know what I know—Hooper's in my regiment, t'other battalion, but transferred now—the General doesn't know that he's hard up and a silly young fool and just the sort to blab to the first pretty woman that takes any notice of him. I've done all this off my own bat, kept him out of one sort of mischief as far as I was able. You see I know Hooper's people and how sick they'd be if he got the boot, had to leave the Service—and he's in

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my regiment. He's ordered out, and I think he'll come on with a little kicking—Africa 'll do him good." Then he asked quite casually as it seemed, "Know Folkestone?"

"Only the Front."

"I know it well," said Barry. "Now, there's the Sandgate Road, for instance, and a lady living there—nice house, plenty of money, she entertains, manners charming, everything as it should be. But nobody knows where it all comes from. Well, we say France—in the Service, you know. We can't prove it, not yet. We say that the lady in the Sandgate Road draws a handsome salary from the French War Office, and that most of it's spent on subalterns—especially when they're on the Staff. No, you never meet a woman there, but young fools like Hooper and perhaps an innocent person like me. But mostly young fools like Hooper, and, if they're on the Staff, they're worth knowing. You see they come across secrets, and, if they're broke, they may sell 'em, and, if they're vain and silly, they may tell 'em, especially if they're helped. Hooper thinks he's quite the lady-killer because he was going round there to-night to blab—something about the Dover mine-fields.

"It's been a fight all the last month—myself and whiskey and cards against the lady in the Sandgate Road—I've made him come here as much as I could—kept up the invalid and this stick on purpose. It's been a fight—and I fancy I've won," said Barry. "But I've ruined my reputation," he added with a smile, "the hotel's near cutting me."

He rose to go.

"Of course, this—this is private—you're an Englishman," said he.

"And a journalist," said I. "But I'll change the names."

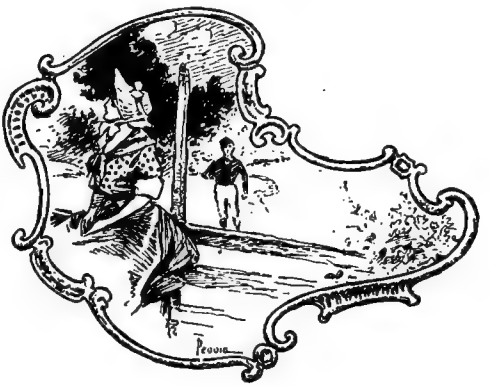
"Well, I can't stop you," said Captain Barry.

NORAH

Wid jealousy crazy,
I feel so onasy,
For sure, such a daisy,
  There niver was seen;
Her face is the swatest,
Her form the complatest,
Her foot is the natest
  E'er stepped on the green;

Oh, faith, how I love her!
Stars, shining above her,
Can niver discover
  A colleen so fair;
Her eyes are entrancing,
Wid divilment dancing,
Whin on ye they're glancing,
  Ye'd betther beware.

If she be relenting,
And not so tormenting,
But swately consenting,
  I'll make her my wife;
As deep as the ocean,
Shall be my devotion,
No fuss or commotion,
  Shall trouble our life.



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By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"Now, I'll give you a plot for a story," said the Squire.

"Thanks very much," I replied, but I fear with rather bad grace, for I am too used to tne remark. Friends who know that I write are constantly making the same sort of offer to me, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the "plot" is palpably absurd or totally unworkable. "Oh, *you* can make something out of it, I'm sure," they say when they have finished, and one has to grin and bear it. And they fondly think they are doing me a service, and go and brag about it!

"It's a most remarkable story, and it's perfectly true," went on the Squire. "It happened to me in this very house."

Worse and worse! Some little dry fact or event in his simple country life that would bore me to death.

I lit a cigar, resigned myself, and the Squire began.

Strangely enough, it was the hundredth exception that proves the rule, and when he had finished I found myself asking:

"Will you allow me to publish this, Davenant?"

"Certainly. Do what you like with it."

So I have taken him at his word, and have done what I liked with it. I have tried to tell the story in his own words as nearly as possible, making him the narrator. Therefore the Squire shall speak for himself.

* * * *

You've heard of Roden Forbes, the smart criminal barrister? Ah, of course you have. He was up at John's with me, you know, in the old 'Varsity days, and we always hit it off pretty well together. Since then, our lives have drifted apart. I've settled down here in the old family mansion, and followed the hounds like my ancestors, and generally devoted myself to an honest country life, while Forbes has had to use his brains, perhaps not always in the cause of honesty, but certainly with success, though, mind you, I wouldn't work as he does, if I were paid ten times the money. I don't believe in all this modern rush of life and wearing away of the brain at high pressure. Our forefathers never did it, and they were as fine a set of men as—but, there, I was talking about Forbes. The way that fellow works is a marvel. Reading briefs far into the night, rushing about the courts all day, interviewing solicitors, no time for meals or rest or anything else! No wonder that every now and then he gets thoroughly done up and fit for nothing for a week or two.

It was in such a condition that he came down here to stay last summer. I'd asked him several times to put in a few days at King's Court—once he had run down from Saturday to Monday—but I could never get him to fix up a fortnight or three weeks. He was always too busy. At length he wrote and said he would come, hinting that he should be glad of a rest, as he felt rather done up after some intricate cases that had been occupying him.

I was quite shocked when he drove up to the house. He looked a total wreck. His face was drawn and careworn, his head drooped listlessly, he had grown much thinner; in fact, he looked downright ill.

"You've been overdoing yourself, Forbes," I said, as soon as he was in the house.

He smiled feebly.

"I've had a fair racket lately," he owned, "but a week's rest will soon put me right."

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"I'll see that you have it, too; aye, and more than a week, my boy," I said, "You'll just take it easy here and do what you like."

"Thanks," he said, "I confess I don't feel very energetic, but the country air will work wonders. I'm already longing for a stroll in your grounds. I remember when I came here before a lovely walk over some fields and through a wood to the source of a little stream."

"Ah, yes, Deadman's Pool we call it. That's a bit too far for you to walk to-day."

"I shall try it to-morrow, perhaps. I've often thought since what a beautiful bit of country it was?"

"It *is* a beautiful bit of country," I said with some pride, for I love the place with all my heart, "you know what Charles the First said about it?"

"Charles the First?"

"Yes. He stayed here once. Sir Richard Davenant was one of the old loyalist cavaliers, and proud he was to welcome his king, and proud has every Davenant been since to think of it. That's why Sir Richard changed the name from Davenant Court to King's Court. Well, His Majesty said these words: 'Right content would I be to turn aside from the irksome life of a monarch, and live and die in peace in this fair portion of the land. But God forbids it, Sir Reginald.' These words have been treasured in the history of our family, Forbes, together with the King's gift—our silver cup."

"And what is that?"

"I'll show it to you after dinner," I said. "It's a little silver goblet that Charles the First gave to Sir Reginald Davenant, the most precious heirloom I possess."

At dinner Forbes seemed almost worse. He ate very little food, and his hand trembled so much that in setting down his glass on the table he broke it, and inflicted a nasty cut on his finger. My wife tore a strip off her own handkerchief and bound it up for him, for he seemed quite faint over it. Later on in the evening I took him into my study to smoke a cigar and to show him the King's cup.

You know it is kept in a little iron safe let into the study wall. Now some years ago I took it into my head to have a "letter-lock" attached to this safe. One sometimes leaves

I was taking the cup from its wrapping of chamois leather, when Peters, my butler, entered.

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keys about, and once I had mislaid the key altogether, so I took this course of action. I had a lock made with a combination of seven letters. Forbes remarked upon it as I opened the safe.

"Suppose you forgot the right order of the letters," he said.

"There's no danger of that," I replied, "See, the word is 'Carolus.' Most appropriate, isn't it?"

I had just uttered this, and was taking the cup from its wrappings of chamois leather, when Peters, my butler, entered with a tray of glasses and spirits. I did not think anything of this at the time, and, simply telling him there was nothing more required, bade him good-night, and he left the room.

Then I handed Roden Forbes the precious silver cup, and he examined it critically, admiring particularly the chased work upon the handle.

"I should like to see this again by daylight, if you don't mind," he said presently.

"You shall," I replied, as I locked up the cup in its safe once more, and we settled down for a smoke. After a bit he rose and said he would go to bed. I closed the French window, which had been open on account of the heat, and he looked out for a moment across the lawn, which was beginning to glisten with dew in the moon-light, and then I drew down the blind and went with him to his room.

"Good-night," I said; "I hope you'll sleep well and feel better in the morning."

"I hope I shall," he answered, "I'm awfully tired, and my nerves seem to be shaken up. Good-night, old chap!"

When he came down in the morning he was as pale as ever; in fact, my wife and I felt quite nervous about him, and even asked if we should call in a doctor.

"Oh, no," he said, "I've had a bad night, that's all. I woke up very early, feeling quite exhausted. I think I dreamed a good bit, but I can't remember what about."

"You shall have some refreshments put in your room to-night," said my wife.

He thanked her, and we sat down to breakfast. As soon as we had finished he reminded me of my promise to show him the King's cup by daylight. So I took him into the study. It lies to the north, and the shadow of the house lay darkly across the lawn, which was still steeped in dew. I found the word "Carolus" on the lock, opened the safe, and put in my hand——

"What's the matter?" asked Forbes as I gave a cry of alarm.

"The cup!" I exclaimed. "It's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Yes. The safe is empty. It's stolen!" And I rushed to the bell-pull.

"Stop!" cried Forbes, catching me by the arm, "don't give the alarm yet. If it's stolen, as you say, let's think a moment. Was the house locked up last night?"

"Yes," I replied. "I went the rounds, as I always do, after I said good-night to you."

"And you were the last up?"

"Yes."

"That's a help."

"How?"

"Don't you see? If anyone from *outside* had broken in the servants would have discovered it before now."

I looked at the man as he spoke. His face had undergone an entire change. It was animated in the extreme. His eye flashed, the colour had come into his cheeks. And then I remembered that one of the cleverest criminal barristers of the day stood before me, one whose life's work was the investigation of mysteries of this kind.

"Now then," he went on, "who's been in this room since we left it?"

"Only the housemaid."

"*And* the thief. How many people are there in the house?"

"Ourselves, my wife and the two children, their governess, three men-servants and four female domestics."

"And how many of them knew the secret of that lock?"

"Only my wife and myself."

"You're wrong," he said, "you told me, and remember there was someone close outside the door when you did so."

"Who?"

"Your butler!"

"Peters? Why, he's an old and trusted servant, and——"

"They generally *are*, I find," said Forbes impatiently.

"I'll call him at once," I said.

"Don't be a fool, Davenant," he replied. "The great thing for the present is not to let anyone know you've missed the cup. Don't tell a soul. There's ten times the chance of catching a thief if you can get on his trail before he thinks the robbery is discovered."

"What's to be done, then?"

"I'll tell you in a moment. Here's my theory. The cup's stolen by someone *in* the house. Then it isn't likely to be inside, for he'd suspect a search. Perhaps he'd even lay a false trap."

He walked quickly to the window.

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"I thought so!" he exclaimed.

"What?"

"Look at those tracks across the grass going *and* returning. See?"

I looked out, and there, sure enough, were footprints over the heavy dew, both from and to the study window, right across the lawn.

"Wait a bit!" went on Forbes, dropping down on his knees. "Look! Here are a couple of muddy footmarks on the polished floor, and made by someone coming *in*. That settles it."

"Settles what?"

"Why, that he went out first and then returned. It was a cute idea, but clumsily worked. Now look here, Davenant, will you let me go on investigating this, for a few hours, at least? I'm not exactly a detective, but it's all in my day's work, you know. You might drive into Dullminster and tell the police quietly, and ask them to send a couple of plain clothes men into the village to hang about in case Peters tries to bolt. But let me follow up this clue—at any rate till lunch-time."

"You'll tire yourself out ——" I began.

"My dear fellow," he interrupted, "I shall tire myself much more if I keep thinking about it and don't *do* anything."

So I consented. I nonchalantly ordered the dog-cart and started to drive into the neighbouring town of Dullminster, alone, lest the groom should see me go to the police. Before I drove off I saw Roden Forbes strolling across the lawn, his eyes directed to the ground. He was on the track.

He was late back to lunch, and we had already sat down when he came in, looking terribly worn and feverish. He gave me a warning look not to mention anything that had occurred, and as soon as the meal was over we repaired to the study.

"Well?" I asked anxiously, "have you discovered anything?"

"Yes, I think I have," he replied.

"What?"

He waited a full minute before answering, and then said, very slowly:

"Davenant, you'll think me very strange —but I hardly care to tell you *what* I have found out. It is worrying me fearfully. I was right in the basis of my conjectures, but —I never thought—the mischief is, Davenant, that though I *know* who took it I can't discover where the cup is."

"You know who took it?"

"I am certain."

"You have proofs?"

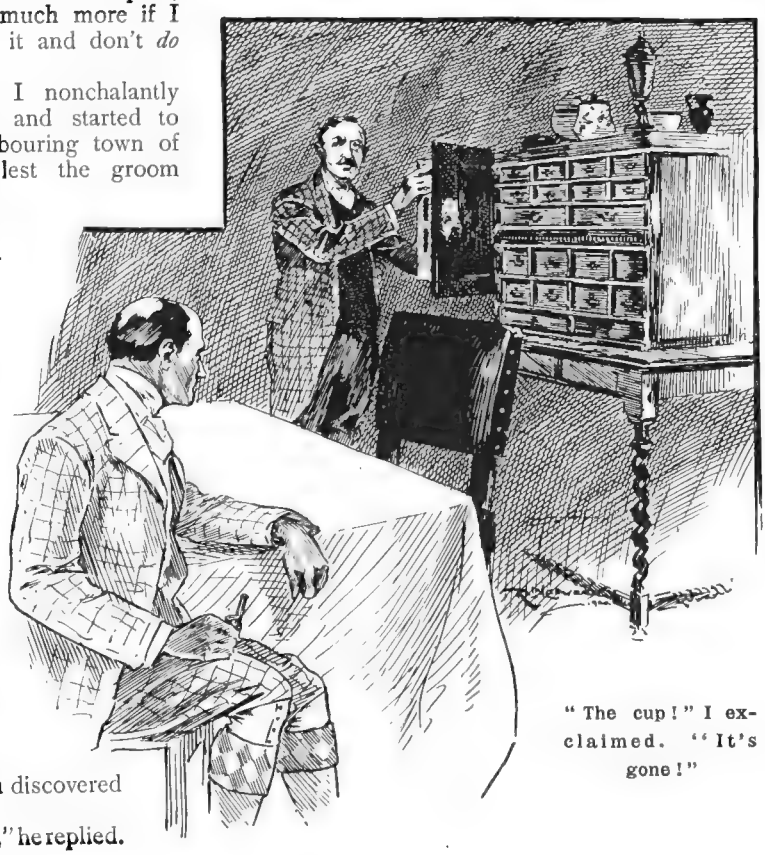
"Absolutely."

"Then let us put the scoundrel into the hands of the police at once, and force him to confess," I said impatiently.

"It won't do," he said, "the only chance to get that cup back again is to do exactly what I tell you."

"And what's that?"

"Tell Mrs. Davenant to give your cook orders to put precisely the same dinner as we had last night on the table. Take that silver cup I noticed your little girl was using at



"The cup!" I exclaimed. "It's gone!"

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She was very much astonished at the request, but did it.

table and lock it up in the safe exactly as if it were the King's cup, and don't ask me another question till to-night. Then I'll give you some still more peculiar instructions, and if you carry them out you may be rewarded for it. One thing more, though. Have you got any fuzees in the house?"

"Fuzees?" I asked in blank astonishment. "No. I never keep them."

"Can you buy them in the village?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then send your groom into Dullminster to get a box. It's essential."

I think he must have seen that for the moment I doubted his sanity, for he exclaimed with a laugh:

"It's all right, old chap. I'm perfectly in my senses. Only there's a curious little psychological problem to be solved before that cup can be found."

At dinner he was as nervous as ever, so much so that he again broke a wineglass, apologising profusely the moment afterwards.

"I hope you haven't cut yourself again," said my wife.

"No," he replied, "but I've opened the wound. Would you—*would* you mind binding it up again with a strip of your handkerchief?"

She was very much astonished at the request, but she did it.

After dinner, we went into the study as before, and Forbes made me open the safe and show him my little girl's christening cup, handling it exactly as he had done the King's cup on the previous evening. Curiously enough, too, he contrived that I should open the lock at the moment that we heard Peters' step outside the door. The latter brought in the tray containing the decanters and the box of fuzees for which I had sent specially to Dullminster. Forbes took the box into his hands, opened it, and deliberately emptied the contents on to the table, selecting one fuzee, which he put back into the box, and leaving the rest.

"I only want one," he said with a smile.

"I quite fail to understand you," I replied.

"I'm quite sure you do," he answered, "and my actions must appear very strange to

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you. I'm sorry I cannot explain them yet, but if all turns out as I hope it will, you will see that there has been considerable method in my madness. All my aim is to recover the lost cup for you, and then I shall be satisfied."

When he had finished his cigar, he rose to go to bed, handing me a note.

"Read that after you've locked up and obey it implicitly," he said, "and now, see me to my room and say good-night."

I did so. A few minutes later I read the following mysterious communication:

Don't go to bed, but stay in the corridor outside my room and wait till I come. On no account show a light. When I come out, *follow me wherever I go*, but neither speak to me, nor touch me, nor make any noise unless you wish to lose the King's cup for ever.

N.B.—You'll want your hat and overcoat.

I went to my room and showed this curious letter to my wife, telling her the whole story. She listened attentively.

"It's very strange," she said, "but I should go, I think. Take a stick or a pistol with you, dear!"

I must have waited in that corridor for three mortal hours. The clock had just struck two, and I was making up my mind that Roden Forbes had gone hopelessly insane, when his door opened, and I saw him appear in the moonlight, dressed in evening dress, and smoking a cigarette. I nearly spoke, but, restraining myself, followed him as he walked down the stairs and made straight for the study.

His next move was to go to the safe, on which the moon was shining, and calmly to turn the letter-lock to the word "Carolus." This done, he opened the safe, took out the christening mug, closed and locked it. Then he went to the window, undid the bolts, slipped the fastening, and stepped out on to the lawn.

I followed in astonishment. He walked on at a quick pace to a gate leading into the fields at the back of the house. As he went through this gate, he threw away the stump of the cigarette. Then he kept on, across two fields, and climbed over a style. He paused a moment, put a fresh cigarette in his mouth, took out the box of fuzees I had sent for and rattled it.

"Only one," I heard him mutter.

He struck this and lit his cigarette, throwing the empty box away. Then he started on. We were close to a wood now, and he seemed to hesitate. Apparently he was doing something to the bandage on his finger.

"It's a nuisance," he murmured.

And he took it off and threw it on the ground.

I still followed him silently as he walked along the path through the wood, the moonlight streaming down through the trees. It was getting more and more mysterious. At length we reached a clearing, and the reflection of the moon shone on some water. It was Deadman's Pool.

I confess I felt a bit uncomfortable as he

His door opened, and I saw him appear in the moonlight.

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stepped to the edge of the water. The next moment he had raised his hand aloft and the silver cup was flying through the air.

"Splash!" The moon glittered on it as it sank in the deep water.

Then Roden Forbes turned and started home as fast as he could run. I've been after the harriers myself many a day, but I've never had such a chase as that was. However, I managed to keep within a few yards of him all the way to the house. He recrossed the lawn and flung open the study window, entered the room, and was pushing the window to as I rushed to it.

There was a struggle. He tried to keep me out. But I was the stronger of the two, and forced myself in. I could restrain myself no longer.

"Forbes," I cried, "what on earth——"

He stood still for a moment, his eyes gazing on me in terror.

"Good Heavens, where am I?" he exclaimed.

Then he sank into a chair. I lit a candle. The decanter of spirits was still on the table, and I poured a wineglass of brandy down his throat.

"I know—I know now," he gasped. "Did you follow me, Davenant?"

"Yes," I said, "but what——"

"And what did I do with the cup—tell me—did you see?

"You threw it into Deadman's Pool, but——"

"Then the King's cup lies there too. It's all right, old chap. You must get it dragged."

"But you?"

"I was *asleep*, Davenant."

"Asleep?"

"Yes. Let me explain."

"Not now," I urged. "Come to bed."

"No. It'll be better to tell you and get the strain over. Let me have a cigarette. That's right; not too much of that brandy, please. Now I'll tell you. When I started out on my search in the morning I tracked the footsteps to that gate opening into the field. Then I picked up the stump of a cigarette. It was gold tipped, and I made a note of it, thinking it was a strange coincidence that *I* had been smoking a similar kind. The grass across the fields was long, and I had no difficulty in following the footmarks. The other side of the stile I found an empty fuzee box, and then, for the first time, a horrible suspicion crept over me, for it bore on it the name of a tobacconist in Fleet Street whom I patronise, and I remembered that the previous evening I had only one fuzee left in my box. A few paces further on I found the last bit of evidence, a blood-stained bit of rag, with your wife's initials on the corner. Then I was sure of the horrible truth. Many years ago I was much over-wrought, and for several nights I walked in my sleep and did things concerning which I had no recollection the next day.

Once more the curse was upon me, and I knew *I* had stolen the cup. It was quite plain. You had given me the secret word, and I had gone to sleep thinking of it. You know very well that when one's nerves are in a strained or shattered condition, as mine are just at present, that the brain is often most ready to receive queer impressions—impressions that often lie dormant at the time, until the effect of them comes out in dreams. The strange part is that these impressions vanish away again in one's waking moments. If only the faintest recollection of the dream had remained, I might have got my clue directly we discovered the cup had been taken. As it happened, though, it was only the incontrovertible proof of what must have taken place that I had to go upon, and this proof only carried me to a certain limit, as I will explain to you.

"The great question was, what had I done with it? The pathway now was hard ground, and I could make out no more traces. I searched all over the neighbourhood in vain, and then I thought of my plan. It seemed to me that if I spent the evening *exactly* as I had done the previous one, that it would have the same effect upon my night's rest—or rather unrest, and that if I was followed the hiding-place would be found. That's why I wanted the same dinner, and upset the glass, and had my hand bound up, and got you to unlock the safe just as Peters entered, do you see?"

I nodded.

"I *forced* myself into the same psychological state, as it were. We all know how strong an influence the minutest circumstance has upon the brain in such a case. All things that influence the senses—the smell of a cigar, the taste of a particular dish—all had played their own particular parts in this strange psychological drama, and I determined, though I knew you would think me eccentric, to leave not the slightest detail that I could possibly remember out of the question. When I undressed I laid my clothes exactly as I had done the previous night, taking care that the fuzee box and my cigarette case should be in the same pockets. Everything had to be worked on a parallel. The mind was ready, and the materials had

Google

to be prepared to suit it. Now, tell me. Was I smoking when I came downstairs?"

"You were."

"And did I throw away my cigarette end as I went through the gate?"

"Yes."

"Exactly. And I lit another and chucked away the fuzee box on the other side of the stile."

"You did."

"And then, I suppose, I must have taken the bandage off and dropped it."

"Yes. It seemed to annoy you."

"Then, my dear Davenant, depend upon it, you'll find the King's cup all right. It has been a perfect parallel all through. What induced me to throw it into the water I don't know. I suppose Deadman's Pool mixed itself up with the distorted imagery of my brain simply because I had been talking about the place to you. At all events, I feel absolutely certain that it is at the bottom of that pool that your precious little treasure lies. Well, I'm glad Peters is cleared. And now I think I'll go to bed again."

"And you'll rest there till my doctor's seen you, Forbes," I said. "It's been an awful strain upon you. But we'll have no more night excursions!"

By this time he was very exhausted, for the strain of the night's sleep-walking, together with the suppressed excitement of the previous day, and the sudden awakening in the library after his adventure had begun to tell upon him very much. He quite trembled as he took my arm and I led him up to his room once more. I did not leave him until I had helped him to undress and had seen him safely installed in bed. Then I wished him good night—or rather "good morning."

"I'm awfully sorry for all the trouble I've caused," he said. "But I feel sure it will all be right now."

"So do I," I replied.

Well, I had the little pool searched in the morning. It did not want dragging, for the water was clear, and we soon found both cups. Roden Forbes got quite well and strong before he left. Poor chap! It's a terrible mistake to work as he does. But fancy a detective detecting himself!

The next moment he had raised his hand aloft.

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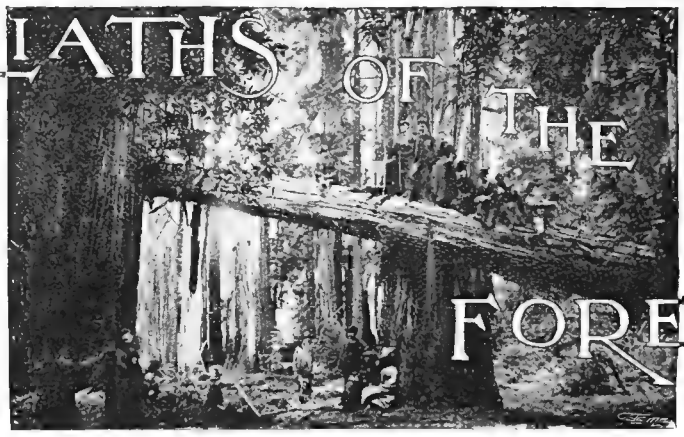
GOLIATHS OF THE FOREST.

By Harold Shepstone.

Illustrated with Photographs.



An excursion party among the giant trees of California.

Of all the natural wonders to be found in the land of "big things," there is nothing, perhaps, more wonderful, or more awe-inspiring, than the "Big trees" of California. Even the mighty geysers of Yellowstone Park pale into insignificance when compared with these stately monarchs of the forests.

The region where these forest giants are to be found is about 150 miles long, by about twenty miles wide, in the State of California, easy of approach by rail from San Francisco. Taking leave of this busy port, Felton Station—better known in the locality as "Big Tree" Station—is quickly reached, and the visitor is at once in the very heart of this land of natural wonders.

There are two "classes" of trees, those known as the "Big trees," which are religiously guarded by the United States Government, and those known as the "Redwoods." Botanically speaking, both the Redwoods and the Big trees are species of the *genus Sequoia*. The name Sequoia was bestowed upon them in honour of an intelligent Cherokee Indian, Sequoyah, who invented an alphabet for his people, but as he was never associated in any way with California or with the Big trees it is somewhat difficult to see why his name should be coupled with the grandest production of the vegetable kingdom.

The honour of discovering the Big trees belongs to Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter, who came across them by accident in 1852. He

A fallen tree, the hollow trunk of which is used as a miner's cabin.

The hollow in this tree trunk is capable of accommodating several vehicles and horses in wet weather.

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had wounded a bear and was pursuing his quarry when he suddenly beheld one of these immense monsters of the forests. Naturally, all thoughts of hunting were banished, as he stood gazing at one of these forest giants, the like of which are to be seen in no other part of the world. Since then, thousands of tourists have travelled from all parts of the globe to see for themselves these mammoth trees.

The Big trees which are only to be found on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains grow in clusters or groves, yet there would seem to be no apparent reason why they should be found in patches, as the intermediate country is well adapted for their propagation. In the Calaveras Grove, which occupies an area of about 50 acres, there are over a hundred trees of goodly size. It would be impossible to give even a brief description of the trees of this grove, but an allusion may be made to some of the largest. Excursions may be taken from the Mammoth Grove Hotel—a large, yet cosy white building, nestling comfortably among tall pines—to the surrounding places of interest. The principal trees have been christened with characteristic names by which they are universally known. These appellations have been printed in large letters and pasted on boards which are nailed to the respective trees, so that visitors can easily identify them.

A pavilion made out of the stump of a big tree and used as a ball-room.

The largest tree now standing in this grove is "The Mother of the Forest." As far back as 1854 the bark was stripped from this forest monster to the height of 116ft., by Mr. George Hale, for purposes of exhibition. Before the bark was removed, it boasted of a circumference of 90ft. at the base, while its present girth is no less than 84ft. It is nearly 140ft. to the first branch, and its height cannot be less than 320ft. The average thickness of the bark was 11in., although in places it was nearly two feet. It is estimated that this tree alone contains 537,000 feet of sound timber.

Not far from this giant lies the prostrate and majestic body of the "Father of the Forest," the largest tree of the entire group, and we give an illustration of the present appearance of this monster. This tree measures in circumference at the base, 110ft. To the first branch, the distance is 200ft. Up to this point the tree is a hollow, through which a man can easily walk erect. It is difficult to judge what the exact height of this tree must have been when its graceful branches waved to and fro in the breeze, but it is stated that it could not have been less than 435ft. in height, higher than the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral!

And yet this magnificent tree is not the tallest in the world! Americans who are accustomed to use the superlative gender when speaking of the size of any of their products or phenomena, will no doubt be most incensed when they learn that their "goliaths of the forest" are out-goliathed by a mere Australian. And yet this is the case, and our good cousins may as well resign themselves to a back seat with the best available grace. The victor of the Californian pine is the Victorian gum-tree (*Eucalyptus amygdalina*,

Interior of the same pavilion; the floor is one solid piece of timber.

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as the botanist has it), an imperial monster, standing on a white, smooth stem, and without branches for 60 or 70 feet from the ground. In some districts of Victoria the *average* height of these trees is no less than 300ft! But the tallest—the tallest, indeed, that has ever been seen by man in historic times—is one that was discovered lying prostrate, like the "Father of the Forest" in California, on the Black Spur. It was found to be 470ft. in length, and 81ft. round the waist—slimmer, therefore, than either the "Mother" or the "Father of the Forest," but 35ft. longer than the latter.

A curious growth of giant tree, known as "The Eagle's Wing."

The "Three Graces," each over 290ft. high.

To return to California there are also the "Husband and Wife," a graceful pair of trees, 252ft. in height, which have earned for themselves this title on account of the pretty and affectionate way in which they lean against each other. Then there is the "Old Maid," a broken-topped and forlorn-looking spinster of the big tree family, while at a respectable distance from it stands the dejected form of the "Old Bachelor."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," is another fanciful name given to one of the giants, on account of the tent-like opening at its base—an opening in which twenty-five persons can easily find sitting room without being cramped.

"The Pioneers' Cabin" is another tree which has a large opening at its base, in which visitors, and even conveyances and horses, can find shelter on a rainy day.

Mention, too, must be made of the "Pride of the Forest," one of the most beautiful trees in the grove. It is not, however, so large as many of the others, but is nevertheless a fine growth, 275ft. in height, with a circumference at its base of 60ft. "The Three Graces" is the name bestowed on a cluster of three. They are all sound, well-shaped, noble-looking giants, each measuring about 295ft. in height.

A better idea, perhaps, of the size of these kings of the forest may be gauged from our two illustrations on the opposite page, which depicts what is known as the Pavilion Stump House. In the first photograph a round pavilion is shown with a dome, while near it is a section or stump of an immense tree, with a ladder leading to the top of it, on the topmost rung of which a man may be noticed in a sitting posture. The novelty about the pavilion is the fact that it is made out of one of the stumps of these forest giants. The interior is shown in the next picture. The walls are decorated everywhere with names and dates which have been carved thereon by various tourists and visitors. The floor is one solid piece of timber, cut from a section of the stump outside. No fewer than thirty-two persons have danced on this floor at one time, without suffering any inconvenience whatever, while musicians and onlookers were also accommodated at the same time. The floor, I believe, measures nearly 9yds. in diameter, and is a beautiful piece of timber, without a crack or flaw of any kind. The pavilion is still used as a ball-room. The tree took five men the greater part of twenty-two days to fell.

Another interesting grove is the Mariposa

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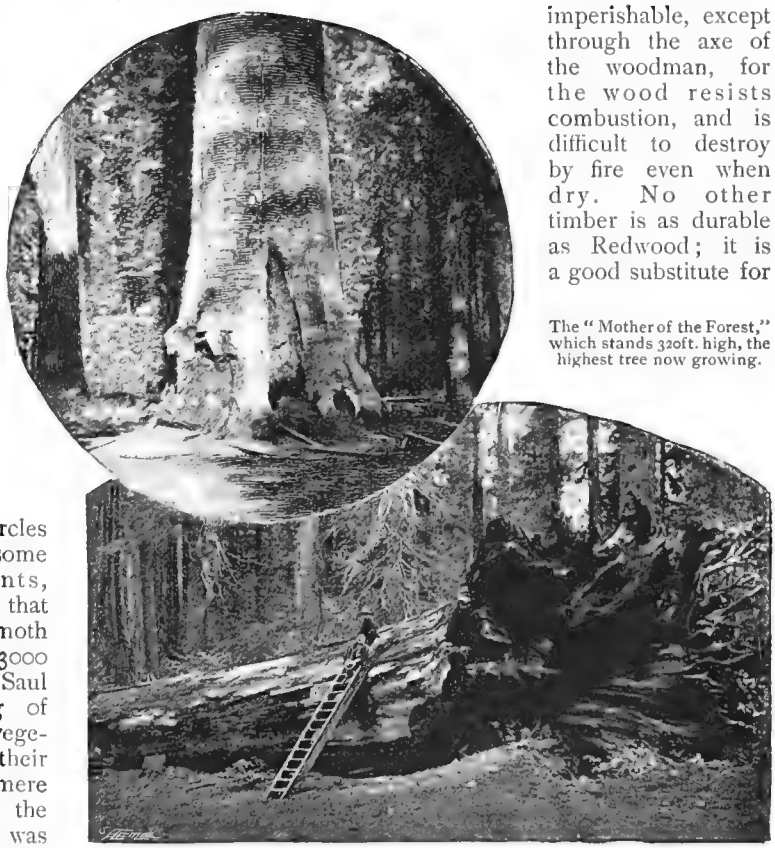
Grove, which contains some 600 or 700 majestic trees. It has been set apart by Congress as a National Park, and everything is done by the military police to protect the trees. Forest fires, however, have, at times, wrought much havoc among the trees, and the neighbouring forests.

One of the most famous growths in the Mariposa Grove, perhaps, is the "Grizzly Giant," a sturdy, gnarled old fellow, which, although badly burned and its bark peeled off, so that a large portion of its original size is lost, is, nevertheless, 93ft. in circumference at the base. One has to look up over 200ft. before the first branch is seen, which is 8ft. in diameter. It stands about 280ft. in height. Everyone has seen the famous picture of a coach driving through a tree, which is used to advertise the merits of the juicy Californian grape. This tree is known as the "Wawona" tree, and is a particular favourite with tourists on account of the road which has been cut through it, and along which a coach and horses can easily be driven.

Astonishing as the figures we have quoted in respect to the circumferences and heights of some of the largest of these forest monsters may seem, one is still more surprised at their age, for it cannot be less than 2500 or 3000 years. Botanists believe that each concentric circle is the growth of one year, and as nearly 3000 such circles can be counted in some of the fallen giants, botanists contend that many of these mammoth trees must be nearly 3000 years old! When Saul was anointed King of Israel, these vast vegetable columns broke their way through the soil, mere little green sprouts; the years passed: Israel was conquered and taken into Babylonian captivity; Babylon in turn fell beneath the armies of Persia; Persia was brought to the dust by Alexander the Great; Rome arose and drew the whole of Greece into its vast possessions; and all the while these trees grew steadily upwards in their mountain solitude. Rome fulfilled her stupendous destiny, sank into decadence, and fell before the victorious barbarians of Alaric; the Middle Ages began, and the nations of the modern world slowly evolved out of savagery into civilisation—France, England, Germany gradually became what they are to-day, and the big trees of California grew with them, and will, in all likelihood, stand when these countries have gone the way of Babylonia and Rome.

Mention has been made in this article of the Californian Redwoods, which grow in such large quantities along the coast that it is not necessary for the Government to protect them, and the Redwood industry of California is enormous. The Redwoods, it would seem are imperishable, except through the axe of the woodman, for the wood resists combustion, and is difficult to destroy by fire even when dry. No other timber is as durable as Redwood; it is a good substitute for



The "Mother of the Forest," which stands 320ft. high, the highest tree now growing.

The "Father of the Forest," the highest tree ever seen in the New World. Its height when standing was 435ft., or 70ft. taller than St. Paul's Cathedral.

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Two remarkable photographs, the first of their kind ever taken in the forests of California. They show the view looking up the giant trees. To see these pictures to advantage hold them above your head and look up at them.

mahogany and black walnut, and can also take the place of the white pine.

Remembering, therefore, the qualities of the Redwood, one is not altogether surprised to hear that the Redwood forests of California have been turned into scenes of busy activity by the lumberman. To cut down a Redwood is no easy task, and it often takes two choppers a fortnight to bring one of these giants to the earth.

Various means are resorted to for conveying the heavy logs to the sawmills. Many of the large mills in Humboldt Country include in their plant several miles of railway with locomotives and trucks for transporting the timber. In not a few instances a system of wire cables on the endless chain principle, with a powerful stationary engine for dragging the logs to the railway, is in operation. Some of the mills, however, employ oxen, and a strange sight it is to see a long string of these animals, dragging heavy and unwieldy-looking logs behind them.

Many of the lumbermen, however, resort to the rivers, which are used with great success, for transporting the logs to the mills. Some may be inclined to think that eventually the timber of these far western forests will be exhausted, but experts tell us that California alone has a capacity of lumber in her standing forests of over 100,000,000,000 feet, valued at more than enough to pay the National Debt of Great Britain.

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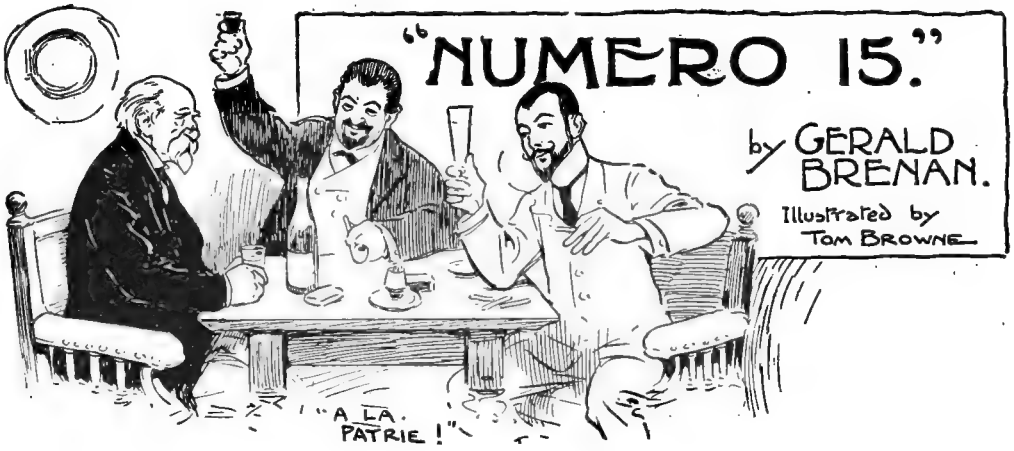

THE ocean liner *La Normandie* was steaming towards Havre. In her smoking-room, three Frenchmen—chance acquaintances of the voyage—sat together around one of the tables.

The first, an elderly gentleman with a grey imperial, was discussing a bottle of white wine, and occasionally resorting to the silver snuff-box which lay before him.

The second sleek, portly, and middle-aged, varied the smoking of a briar pipe by frequent *petits verres* of cognac.

A tumblerful of dripped absinthe stood before the third, who inhaled cigarettes and could not have been more than twenty-five.

"*A la Patrie!*" exclaimed the man with the cognac, emptying his glass.

He of the white wine drank the toast with enthusiasm.

The boy blew some smoke over the dull green surface of his absinthe, and took a reflective sip.

"*La Patrie!*" murmured the old man. I have not seen it these thirty years. But now I am going back to spend my money in my beloved Paris."

"What, M. Crépin," exclaimed the toast-giver; "then you also are a Parisian?"

"Indeed I am, M. Barbey. Let us drink to Paris the unsurpassable."

The cigarette-smoker took a long pull at his absinthe.

"I am Parisian too," he said; "Parisian of the Parisians, as sure as my name is Rebillon. Moreover, I am going home to marry a Parisienne."

"Ah, *monsieur*, how interesting!"

"But, yes, it is interesting enough; particularly as my Clairette will bring me one of the best dots in Montmartre."

"The dear Montmartre!" sighed M. Crépin. "It is my native quarter."

"And *mine*," said M. Barbey.

"*And* mine," echoed the young *absintheur* who answered to the name of Rebillon.

Old Crépin pulled his imperial thoughtfully.

"On the 6th of October, 1869," he remarked, "I left my little *café* in the Rue Maréchal Canrobert—."

"*Tiens!*" interrupted Rebillon. "I thought I knew every street in Montmartre, but I never heard of a Rue Canrobert."

"Nevertheless, it is an excellent street," maintained Crépin, taking a pinch of snuff with dignity. "And my *café*, at Numero 15, was a money-maker. But, unfortunately, I had a wife; and my wife had a Disposition. I shall say no more than that she had a Disposition. And so—."

"And so you went to America, eh?" chuckled Barbey. "Wise man. I did the same thing, under much the same circumstances. Curiously enough, I had, like you, a *café*."

"Not in Montmartre?"

"Certainly in Montmartre. And what is odder still, the number of my place was '15' too. The street, however, was the Rue Paul Bert."

"I do not remember that street," put in Crépin, knitting his brows. "But perhaps my memory grows weak—."

Rebillon lit a fresh cigarette impatiently. "These must be very obscure streets you speak of, *messieurs*," he objected. "Otherwise I should certainly know them."

"Obscure!" cried Barbey. "My young friend, you are in error. The Rue Paul Bert was a fine business thoroughfare; and, when

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I married the heiress of the *café* at Numero 15, I was doing splendidly. But, as in the case of M. Crépin, there were drawbacks. Not only did my wife have a Disposition, but her worthy mother had a Disposition as well. In consequence of this, I unwittingly followed M. Crépin's example, and decamped to America, where I have done well in California clarets."

"Well," said young Rebillon. "I don't know anything about the Rue Paul Bert or the Rue Maréchal Canrobert either; but it seems a droll coincidence that I shall soon have a *café* in Montmartre, and that Numero 15 is over the door."

"Strange!" ejaculated Crépin.

"Marvellous," commented Barbey. "*Garçon*, another *petit verre*. We must drink to the Numero 15."

They drank with enthusiasm.

"What is more," continued Rebillon, "I shall resemble M. Barbey in obtaining the business by marriage. The dot of my Clairette will be a share in the best *café* of the best street in all Montmartre—I allude to Numero 15, Rue Grand' Panama."

"*Sacré!* where on earth is the Rue Grand' Panama?" demanded Barbey; while old Crépin shook his head sadly, and muttered that his memory was certainly failing.

"Not know the Rue Grand' Panama? Not know the most bustling place between La Chapelle and the Batignolles? *Messieurs*, your wits are wool-gathering. I shall have great pleasure in showing you the street, and introducing you to my Clairette, her *maman*, and her grandmother."

"Ah, the young lady has female relatives?"

"But yes," replied young Rebillon, as he puffed his cigarette discontentedly. "The *maman* and the *grand'mère* are to remain partners in the business."

Barbey winked slyly at Crépin, and set that ancient sneezing over his snuff.

"It is rather a pity," Rebillon went on. "I should have preferred the entire control of the *café*. And then the old ladies have a little of what M. Crépin calls Disposition. However, since *Madame la Mère* has fallen out with the clergy, and given up religion, she is not so bad. Too much religion is a nuisance—."

"It is indeed," assented Barbey. "My wife was a positive fanatic; and we had a priest to dinner every other day."

"Clairette's grandmother, too, has greatly improved since she lost her teeth. Nowadays she talks with difficulty, which is somewhat of a blessing."

"My faith, but you are right," said old Crépin heartily. "The wife of my bosom, while a fine woman otherwise, had a most distressing fluency of language. But Mademoiselle Clairette herself; what of her, M. Rebillon?"

"Oh, Clairette is charming."

Crépin sighed, so did Barbey. They had felt thus about their *fiancées*, until disillusionment came. Nevertheless Barbey called out

"My wife was a positive fanatic; and we had a priest to dinner every other day."

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"*Garçon*, another *petit verre*. We must drink to Mademoiselle Clairette."

"It is most extraordinary," said Crépin, after the toast had been honoured, "that I cannot recall the whereabouts of the Rue Grand' Panama."

"Or I of the Rue Maréchal Canrobert," cried Barbey.

"Or I," young Rebillon remarked, "of the Rue Paul Bert. Yet Montmartre is not such a large place, and I was born, brought up, and did my schooling and love-making there."

"I was quite as intimately connected with the quarter, but I never traversed the Rue Grand' Panama," Barbey excitedly put in.

"I fancied that I knew every stone in dear Montmartre," old Crépin murmured plaintively. "But the names of Grand Bert—I should say Paul Bert, and Paul Panama—that is Grand' Panama, awake no chord of memory."

Rebillon finished his absinthe with a gulp.

"I don't believe there's such a street as the Rue Maréchal Canrobert," he snapped.

"Oh, *monsieur*," exclaimed Crépin reproachfully.

"Or such a street as the Rue Paul Bert either."

Barbey half rose from his seat. "And I," he cried, "believe that you were never in Montmartre in your life. Rue Grand' Panama, forsooth! The name is an invention."

"*Monsieur*, you're an old fool!"

"*Monsieur*, you're an old fool!"

"And you, *monsieur*, are a young liar."

"Imbecile!"

"Fabricator!"

"Oh, *messieurs! messieurs!*" called out old Crépin, rushing between his companions, who were glaring fire and fury at each other. "Do not quarrel on the eve of returning to our native land. Be calm, I implore you. Yonder is the Doctor. Let us lay the matter before him; he will decide among us."

The ship's physician had in fact approached their table, attracted by the noisy dispute.

"I'm agreeable," said Barbey, "let us leave it to the Doctor.

Young Rebillon shrugged his shoulders, and sat down.

"*M. le médecin*," said Crépin, when the

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party had resumed its former tranquility, "you are requested to settle a debated point, and thereby allay ill-feeling. You are, by your accent, a Parisian?"

"I am from Montmartre," replied the physician.

"How lucky! You are our very man. Our argument was on these lines: M. Rebillon here claims that his *fiancée* lives in the Rue Grand' Panama, Montmartre. Neither M. Barbey nor myself have ever heard of such a thoroughfare. M. Barbey alleges that he was married in the Rue Paul Bert, Montmartre; but M. Rebillon and I agree in stating that there is no street of that name. And, lastly, while I am quite positive that I founded and administered a *café* at Numero 15, Rue Maréchal Canrobert, Montmartre, these two gentlemen boldly aver such is not the case, there being no Rue Maréchal Canrobert at all."

The medical man smiled broadly.

"My dear neighbours," he said, "you are all wrong. None of the streets you mention exist in Montmartre."

The trio leaped up in wild excitement, but with a wave of his arm the doctor quelled their wrath. "One moment," he cried, "give me time to explain. Although these streets do not now exist, they once had a place on the map. Modern Paris loves nothing better than to change its street-names. There is to-day in Montmartre a prosperous thoroughfare known as the Rue de l'Armée. It was so named only one month ago, just before we sailed for New York. But thirty years ago, under the Second Empire, this street had a different appellation. It was then the famous Rue Maréchal Canrobert."

"Famous indeed!" old Crépin remarked proudly.

"But after the Empire gave way to the Republic, the street was re-named the Rue Paul Bert."

"*Sacré!*" spluttered Barbey, while Crépin threw up his hands in astonishment.

"So it continued," went on the Doctor, "until the financial excitement of a few years ago, when the name was again altered. This time it was called the Rue Grand' Panama."

A simultaneous shout from the three men—then blank silence.

"So much for your dispute, *messieurs*," concluded the physician. "In Paris we are fond of change, and the present Rue de l'Armée, known at former intervals as the Rue Grand' Panama, the Rue Paul Bert, and the Rue Maréchal Canrobert, is a striking example of this trait. You see I speak *ex cathedrâ*, as it were; and indeed, by a lucky chance, I have in my possession something which bears directly upon the subject. My hobby, when ashore, is photography; and this I preserve as my most successful effort."

He took from his pocket-book a photograph, and laid it with evident pride upon the nearest table. It was a Parisian street view, showing in the foreground a *café* of prosperous aspect, upon the window of which, in bold lettering, were the words:—"No. 15 . . . . BOUSIGNOT; CI-DEVANT TICQUET." Before the door stood three figures—those of an elderly dame, of a buxom woman in middle age, and of a pretty, coquettish girl. One glance at the face of the last was sufficient for young Rebillon.

"Clairette!" he cried. "Behold my little Clairette! Doctor, I must have a copy of this photograph.

The two older men gazed long and earnestly at the features of the little group; but they gazed in silence.

None of the three spoke until the Doctor had gone. Then Barbey looked awkwardly at young Rebillon, and asked in nervous tones: "Since your Mademoiselle Clairette resides with her mother at Numero 15, will you kindly tell me the elder lady's name?"

"She is called the Widow Bousignot."

Old Crépin laid a fat hand on the young man's arm.

"And the grandmother of your Clairette?" he demanded. "What is her name?"

"Oh, *la grand'mère* is the Widow Ticquet."

"You said that the loss of her teeth had made a difference in the old lady's conversational powers, I believe?"

"Why, yes. She hardly talks at all."

"And Madame Bousignot? I think you observed," whispered Barbey, "that she had modified her religious views?"

"That is so," replied young Rebillon. "She only goes to church once a week, and you hardly ever see a priest in the house."

Barbey looked eloquently at Crépin; Crépin, at Barbey. Then, actuated by a common impulse, they rose. Crépin kissed the astonished Rebillon solemnly on the cheek; Barbey, with equal solemnity, saluted him on the forehead. After which, they cordially embraced each other.

"Name of a dog!" cried Rebillon. "Are you both crazy?"

"My son!" exclaimed Barbey.

"My son's son!" murmured Crépin.

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"Can you not see how the land lies?" Barbey continued. "The so-called Widows Ticquet and Bousignot are not widows at all. In me you behold the runaway but repentant Bousignot — father of your Clairette."

"And I am Ticquet," laughed the old fellow with the imperial—"your Clairette's grandfather. It was I who founded the celebrated *café* at Numero 15, Rue Maréchal Canrobert."

"—Afterwards Rue Paul Bert," interjected Barbey, *alias* Bousignot.

"—And afterwards Rue Grand' Panama," roared young Rebillon, who being a rather stupid fellow, had only just seen through the tangle. "Oh, *la-la!* What a joke, to be sure. How Clairette will stare. And *la maman!* And *la grand'mère!* — But" — (with sudden gravity) — "do you propose to resume business at the *café*, Numero 15, *messieurs?*"

The two older men smiled.

"Never fear, my boy," cried Barbey-Bousignot. "I am pretty well off; and, so far from intruding on you at the *café*, it is my intention to build a villa at Suresnes. If your mother-in-law keeps her religion within bounds, she will be welcome to live there."

"I am thinking of a country estate," remarked Crépin-Ticquet; "and your Clairette's grandmother will make an admirable *châtelaine* now that she has lost her teeth."

Young Rebillon heaved a sigh of relief. "We shall have Numero 15 all to ourselves then—Clairette and I," he said. "Of course, I shall deeply regret losing *la maman* and *la grand'mère*; but—"

The pause was expressive. Again Barbey-Bousignot winked at Crépin-Ticquet; and again Crèpin-Ticquet sneezed over his snuff.

After which they cordially embraced each other.

"Listen!" the former exclaimed, "we must drink to Numero 15. Another *petit verre, garçon.*"

"And a bottle of *Grâve,*" added Crépin-Ticquet.

Young Rebillon handed his empty glass to the steward, and went through the motion of dripping absinthe.

Each one toasted the street in Montmartre by the name he knew best. The white wine was elevated in honour of the Rue Maréchal Canrobert; the cognac, of the Rue Paul Bert; the absinthe, of the Rue Grand' Panama.

But all three glasses clinked approvingly together, as the travellers chorussed:

"Numero 15!"

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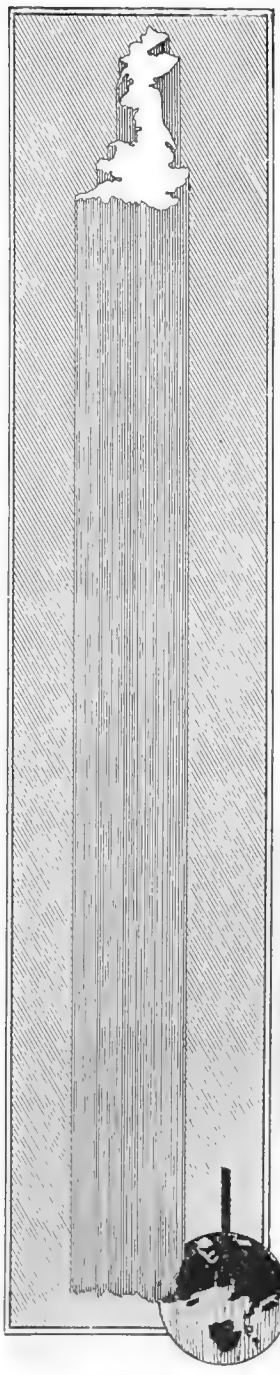

To hold the entire waters of the oceans would require a vessel of the area of Great Britain, 3649 miles high. The height of this column in proportion to the earth will be seen by the smaller diagram above.

A Mountain of Gold at Large

By Harold Macfarlane.

Lest the hopes of the reader, suddenly raised by the prospect of attaching to himself a few barrowfulls of the precious metal, should on further consideration of this article be dashed to the ground, we hasten to explain that the mountain in question is very much at large, being, indeed, distributed all over the world from Pole to Pole; it is, in fact, at the present moment in a state of solution, and that it will very likely for a considerable time to come evade the gold seeker's cradle the reader can readily believe when we point out that it is and has been for the last four thousand odd years "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Britannia is, we are told, the ruler of the waves, but we are very much afraid her real dominion over them is merely that of suzerainty, for at present they undoubtedly get considerably more gold from the Outlanders (in every sense) who embark upon them than she does from her turbulent subjects. But if, in the course of time, a method of coercion is discovered that will profitably extract the precious metal undoubtedly contained in our ocean gold-fields, the waves will on an average yield one grain of gold for every ton of salt water, or, to put it in another way, each 123 tons of water will disgorge gold equal in weight to one sovereign.

Without doubt the most desirable method of extraction would be to collect the oceans of the world, which contain some 322,000,000 cubic miles of water, into a huge receptacle and cause them by some chemical or electrical action to yield up the gold they contain as they run out. In our first diagram we show the appearance of such a vessel, having exactly the same area as Great Britain—that is to say, 88,226 square miles and being 608 miles in its greatest length. If this receptacle had no bottom and were placed over Great Britain, it would exactly follow the configuration of the coast line of England, Wales, and Scotland, and would, if it were 3649 miles high (or almost exactly six times its greatest length), about hold all the oceans of this sphere without spilling a drop. At the foot of the diagram we show the appearance of the world as seen, say, through a powerful telescope from Mars; the height of the vessel in question, which would cause the Martian *savant* considerable uneasiness, being represented by the black column drawn to exactly the same scale as the diameter of the sphere.

Three hundred and twenty-two million cubic miles of water, the reader will readily believe, do not weigh exactly a feather-weight. Those scientific gentlemen who have theoretically weighed it on their letter scales, tell us that it tips the beam within a few ounces of 1,332,000,000,000,000,000 tons, which makes a fine

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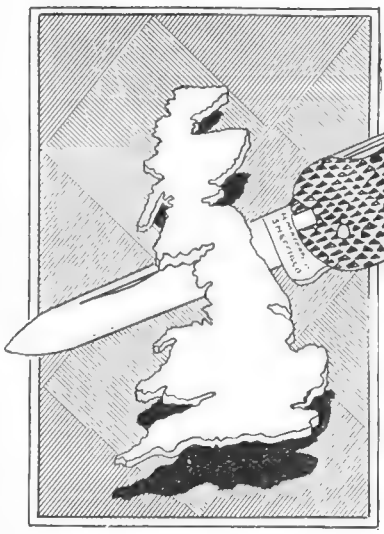
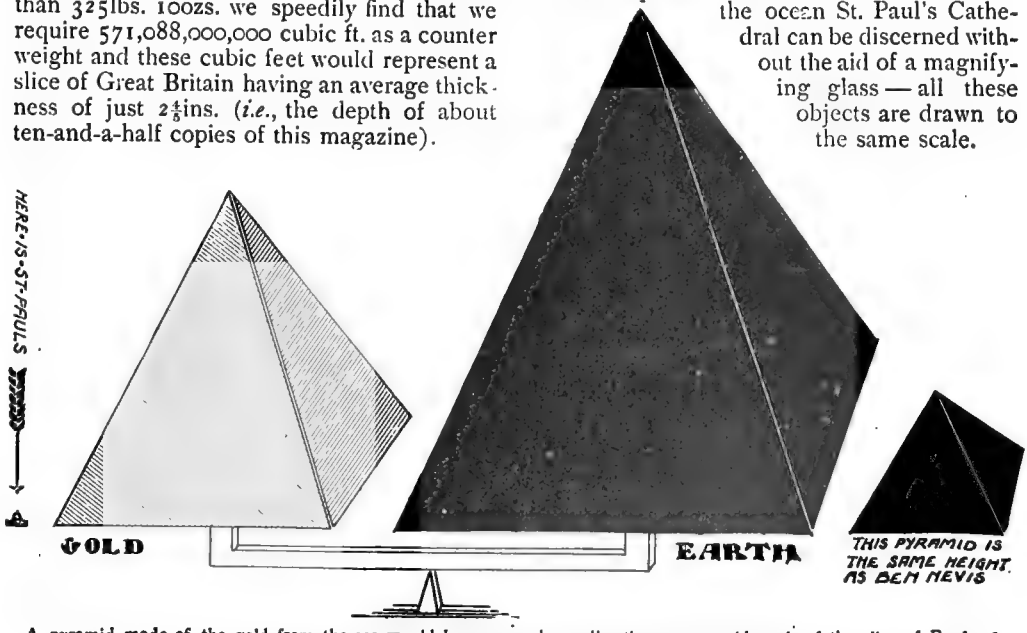
show as a figure landscape but does not convey very much to the ordinary householder, who is more accustomed to contemplating one ton at a time, and that in his coal cellar. We however have only to deal with the single grain of gold contained in each of the afore-mentioned tons. Consequently when we extract our precious metal by dividing the afore-mentioned huge bulk by 15,680,000 (the number of grains in a ton avoirdupois) we get as our modest but golden quotient — 84,949,000,000 tons.



The gold in solution in the sea weighs 84,949,000,000 tons, equal to the weight of a slice of Great Britain 2⅝in. deep.

The question that next arises is—how are we to weigh our gold in order to prove that the oceans have yielded up their aggregate grains? A suggestion as to how the difficulty *might* be solved is made in our second diagram where we see a Gargantuan pen-knife slicing off the upper crust of Great Britain for the purpose of placing the same in one scale to counterbalance our grains of gold which are weighing down the other. As a cubic foot of this sphere weighs a trifle less than 325lbs. 10ozs. we speedily find that we require 571,088,000,000 cubic ft. as a counter weight and these cubic feet would represent a slice of Great Britain having an average thickness of just 2⅝ins. (*i.e.*, the depth of about ten-and-a-half copies of this magazine).

Having scraped the Earth together it would be perhaps just as well to arrange it neatly in the shape of a pyramid ere we dump it on the scale. Its appearance, when so arranged together, with that of the mountain of ocean gold is shown in Fig. 3, where the pyramid of earth is 11,966ft. high and has a base of 11,966ft. (or rather more than 2¼ miles) by 11,966ft., and the pyramid of gold measures 8021ft. high, and has a base of over 64,236,000 sq. ft. (1474 acres) which is about 37 acres more than the total areas of Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Kensington Gardens, and Greenwich Park. For the purpose of comparison we show to the right of the earth mountain a pyramid over 4000ft. high, *i.e.*, the height of Ben Nevis, our largest mountain, whilst to the left of the gold taken from the ocean St. Paul's Cathedral can be discerned without the aid of a magnifying glass — all these objects are drawn to the same scale.



A pyramid made of the gold from the sea would be very much smaller than a pyramid made of the slice of England 2⅝in. deep. The former pyramid would be 8021ft. high, the latter 11,966ft.

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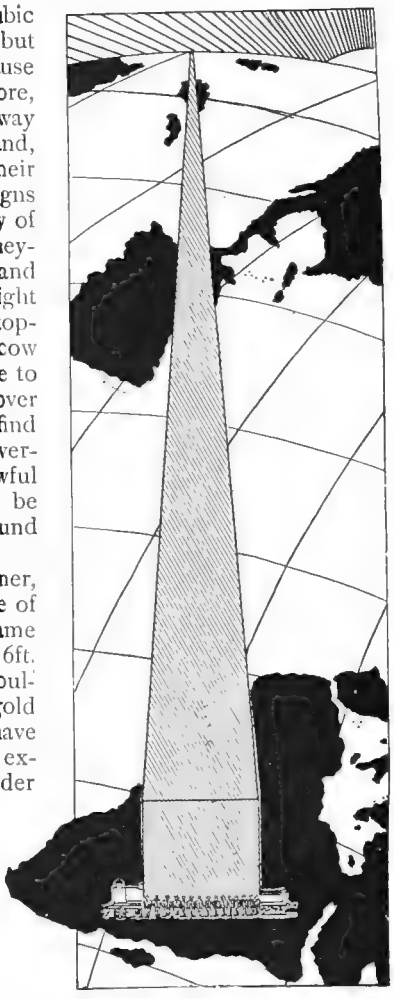
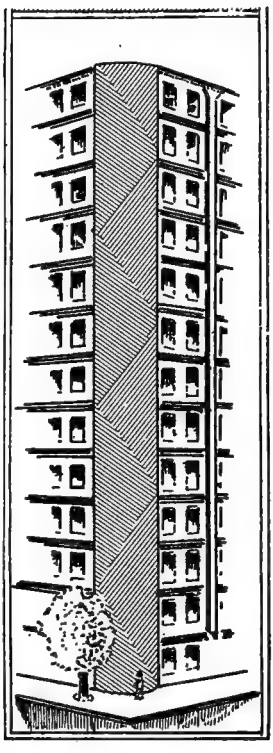
Over one hundred and seventy-two thousand million cubic feet of gold is undoubtedly a very desirable possession, but left promiscuously about in one's back garden might cause the covetous acute moral indigestion; we must, therefore, ere we are indicted for harbouring a nuisance, stow it away somewhere—but where? If we were to cover England, Scotland, and Wales with it, some people who found their bulbs and seeds hidden by a layer of gold fourteen sovereigns in thickness, or woke up one morning to find a canopy of gold of the same average thickness resting on their chimney-pots might grumble at the liberty taken with their homes and castles. The man blessed with three acres and a cow might with justice complain that although his land had a top-dressing of gold worth £344,100,000 upon it, his cow objected to browse on that metal, and what, I should like to know, would our farmers say—gentlemen who are not over and above famous for their good temper—when they find their fields yellow, not with ripe corn, but with a heavy covering of pure gold? What, then, can be done with this awful incubus? The only way out of the difficulty appears to be to hurry it down south and absent-mindedly wrap it round the Equator when no one is looking.

In another diagram, we have, in the most obliging manner, cut off a section of the golden belt, and for the purpose of comparison drawn to the same scale fifteen gentlemen each 6ft. high and 28in. across the shoulders, who are supporting the gold by leaning against it. We have also allowed a North-Eastern express, which is with its tender about 60ft. long, to tunnel through it; the golden belt is, in fact, 36ft. wide by 36ft. high by 24,900 miles long.



If the gold from the sea were wrapped round the earth at the Equator it would form a band 36ft. wide by 36ft. high, and 24,900 miles long. A further explanation of this diagram will be found in the article.



The interest at three per cent. on the ocean gold for three minutes fourteen seconds is equal to a column of gold fifteen feet in diameter and as high as a thirteen storey house.

As the Equator might most reasonably object to having a belt thrust about it, it would perhaps be advisable to have an alternative scheme to fall back upon. To endow every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom with £267,000,000 each, or every soul in the world with £7,220,000 might dislocate the Bank Rate, or cause some other disaster such as engendering a spirit of extravagance. We might indeed invest it in the Three Per Cents., but, as we see from Figure 4, the interest at the end of the first three minutes, fourteen seconds, would mount up to a sum which, if taken in pure gold, would be represented by a column of that metal 153ft. high and 15ft. in diameter, which is in point of fact equivalent to every grain of gold produced during the last 400 years throughout the world; as the sum in question (£2,000,000,000, of which £1,000,000,000 has been discovered during the last forty years, and £500,000,000 in the last fifteen) only represents one-five million four hundred and fifteen-thousandth part of the value of the ocean gold there might be some difficulty at the close of the year to pay over the accrued interest.

The ocean gold appears so awkward to dispose of that we are

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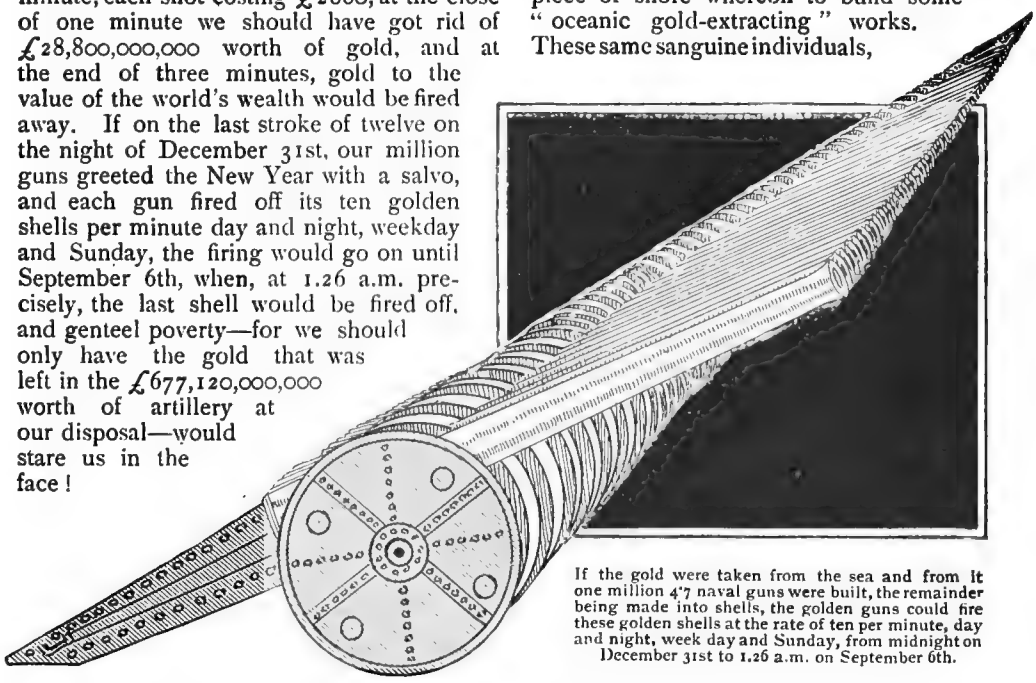
tempted to play "ducks and drakes" with it on a large scale; and the thought occurred to us that as the 4·7 naval guns were "worth their weight in gold" at Ladysmith recently, it would be a well-deserved compliment if we used them for our purpose. The 4·7 gun (we depict a few thousands of them in our diagram below) measures 16ft. 2in. long, and as it weighs 41cwt. must contain about 9⅕ cubic feet of steel; if we replaced these 9⅕ cubic feet of steel by a similar quantity of gold, it could be done for the trivial sum of £677,120, and if we used gold shells weighing 45lbs. in place of the ordinary shell of the same weight, each of the projectiles would cost £2880. Having built one million 4·7 guns at a cost of £677,120,000,000, our ocean gold heap instead of being worth £10,380,000,000,000,000 would now be valued at only £10,329,322,880,000,000—a sum upon which some people could still manage to pass as rich. As each gun could fire ten shots a minute, each shot costing £2880, at the close of one minute we should have got rid of £28,800,000,000 worth of gold, and at the end of three minutes, gold to the value of the world's wealth would be fired away. If on the last stroke of twelve on the night of December 31st, our million guns greeted the New Year with a salvo, and each gun fired off its ten golden shells per minute day and night, weekday and Sunday, the firing would go on until September 6th, when, at 1.26 a.m. precisely, the last shell would be fired off, and genteel poverty—for we should only have the gold that was left in the £677,120,000,000 worth of artillery at our disposal—would stare us in the face!



If the gold were taken from the sea and from it one million 4·7 naval guns were built, the remainder being made into shells, the golden guns could fire these golden shells at the rate of ten per minute, day and night, week day and Sunday, from midnight on December 31st to 1.26 a.m. on September 6th.

And now from this bewildering array of figures and stupendous dreams of wealth, let us descend a moment to the prosaic world of fact and possibility. The "Mountain of Gold" is, indeed, no figment of the brain; it is a gorgeous reality, and patiently awaits the man who has the leisure, the capability, and, above all, the *gold*, requisite for pocketing it and putting it away as his treasure trove. Will that man ever arise? To prophesy before the event is a dangerous thing, but, in strict confidence, I very much doubt if he will. For as things are at present situated, he would have to be a phenomenon, such as this modest little planet, with all the good will in the world, would find it a hard job to produce. A Vanderbilt a hundred times over *plus* an Edison of a thousand times Edison's intellect, *plus* a Job at least as patient as that much-afflicted individual—such would have to be the man who shall attempt to draw unto himself the gold of the ocean and profit thereby.

And yet not long ago the idea of extracting gold from the sea seized on the popular imagination, and many people were taken with great ideas. Things were said in the newspapers, some lectures even were held on the subject, and I believe that a few sanguine individuals went so far as to take a trip to the South Coast and look around for a convenient piece of shore whereon to build some "oceanic gold-extracting" works. These same sanguine individuals, however, found it necessary before floating the company to go into figures, when the extraordinary discovery was made that it would cost about ten pounds to extract a single pound from the sea. So the idea collapsed. But some day or other, when machinery has progressed to an extent which only Mr. H. G. Wells of all living men can foresee, the idea may become feasible.

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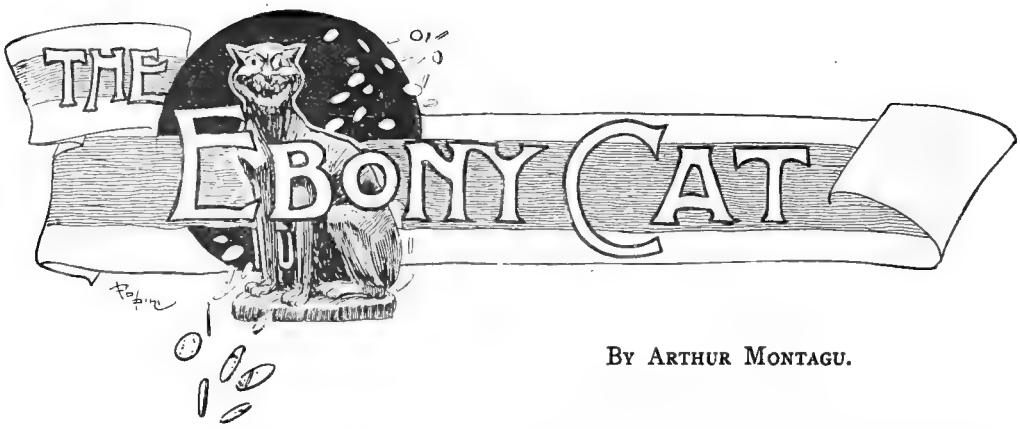

By Arthur Montagu.

I.

When Dick Bagnigge announced his intention of leading Emily Ann Jorgins to the hymeneal altar, the town of Flitchwick considered it a knockdown blow.

Such a development to the family feud had not been contemplated even by the most romantic and scatter-brained. For the Jorginses and the Bagnigges were as the Montagus and Capulets, at variance deadly and uncompromising.

What the cause of quarrel amongst those furnishers of poetical romance was, chroniclers do not relate. Perhaps as history repeats itself, Mrs. Capulet could have enlightened us. But certain it is, whether those ancient squabbles fell out from over-affection or not, that of the elder generation of the Bagnigges was born of a love episode —the hungering of prosaic Uncle Ben Bagnigge for Emily Ann Jorgins's mother.

True, it happened many years ago, when both were young, but memory was none the less bitter.

Had not the false fair one, on that never-to-be-mentioned occasion, kept the said gentleman waiting a full hour in the church porch, attired in his best kerseymere, while she came not—a fact which had made him foreswear her frailty and sex for ever after.

"'Twas his own fault," she retorted hotly when reproached with her perfidy. "I told him I never wanted him. An' he would come pestering."

Be this as it may, Uncle Ben never married, and Susan Stanridge did—which act the Bagnigges never could forgive—and had a fine daughter. Hence it was that the senior Bagnigges now sat in solemn conclave.

"There now, look at him!" his mother exclaimed, surveying the family reprobate in undisguised shame and anger.

A long, low kitchen room hung with implements of craft; at the table by the fire with the ruddy glow gleaming on the rubicund features and white whiskers, which wreathed up to the pink crown of his weatherbeaten head, sat an old man imbibing steaming grog. It was Uncle Ben, the hero of the past romance.

"Don't mention it—nor him either to me!" he grumbled, his glowing face flushing more crimson. "Don't mention it!" and he turned to the fire and his grog in extreme disgust.

"Don't mention it?" the widow screamed. "Look at him."

"Well!" said the old man, slowly turning round, "I don't see he looks no bigger fool than usual, do he?"

"There's no need to 'mention it'; it's in the neighbours' mouths enough already. A son of mine, a Bagnigge, to be seen walkin' with a Jorgins, and in face of the whole world, too."

The uncle puffed vigorously at the black-bowled pipe. "Don't mention it to me!" he repeated; then, feeling a monotony of diction apparent in his utterance, he plied the steaming glass of fluid several times till refreshed, while his face turned hotter and hotter and his cheeks puffed till they threatened to explode and scatter his whiskers in awful anger.

"Well," he said, as at last an idea struck him: "Well!"—turning himself round in his easy chair—"and what has he to say for himself?"

"What has he to say for himself? I haven't done saying things for him yet," vociferated the mother angrily. "Aren't no other girls good enough for him, but what he must go walking with her. Her own mother's as stuck up with pride as a blown-out grampus, an' now glad to take the washing o' folks she's looked down on. Haven't I

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been a good mother to him, ain't I trained him as a child not to walk on the same side of the street as the Jorginses. Now hasn't he his father's own boat come Christmas, haven't the whole family done well by him? An' now to be turning round on 'em an' trapesing off every night with that stick of a girl; and for why, I should like to know?"

"For the very reason you dinned it into my ears how worthless they all was. Till I discovered the prettiest girl in the village was under her bonnet," said Dick, finding tongue at last, "and now you can say as you likes and do as you likes, I'm going to——"

"What?" cried the old woman, now paler than her son.

"Bed!" he concluded, "but in six weeks time I shall marry Emily Ann Jorgins, and till then you can say what you like."

"You! you marry her?" shrieked his mother desperately. "You?"

"A Bagnigge—that have been Bagnigges here since there was fishing in the Hawl—marry a Jorgins?" thundered the uncle, forgetting he once had contemplated a like mishap.

The young man calmly nodded assent.

"Then," cried the widow vehemently, "you're no son of mine!"

"It's disrespect to your aged parent, sir," grunted the old sea-dog (taking another pull at the toddy), "to your bereaved relatives."

"It's a slur on your uncle, bearing in mind the way the hussy's mother treated him," chorussed the trainer of his youth.

"Oh!" said the satellite of Bacchus. "Don't let him consider me. But she'll bring you to ruin, sir," he reiterated, wagging his forefinger solemnly before him. "Yes, to ruin."

"Then," retorted Dick, "I shall be ruined in pleasant company."

"We want no slurs on present company," snapped Uncle Ben, growing irate. "It's no pleasant sight to see a young man going to ruin as a thief to destruction"—floundering into metaphor.

"An' you'll be a cast-off from your family and a prodigal son; I see you going fast to ruin, young man, as fast as if you had the bad luck of the Bagnigges."

What the bad luck of the Bagnigges was, though by no means clear, will appear later.

The young man muttered something about "If things were like that, they could begin to cast off. And that if Emily Ann Jorgins wasn't good enough for them, he wasn't neither; and he supposed he could go to bed."

The old man rose unsteadily from the fireside and looked round. The whisky bottle stood empty. He moved with dignity to the door.

"This," he said, "is an insult too deep to be borne. Marry the daughter of the woman that refused your uncle! I wash my hands of you!"—and he lurched out.

The dawning light of early summer was beginning to stir when the young fisherman stole

"Aren't no other girls good enough for him, but what he must go walking with her."

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quietly upstairs. But an angry woman still sat below, hurling heated anathemas of bitter invective at her supplanter in her son's affections, who, peacefully ignorant of the indignant diatribe, had been asleep some hours.

II.

Dick had the matter his way, in spite of high words or pleading remonstrances. Soon a new house was bespoken further from the town down by the beach, where also the boat was being repainted and smartened with new gilding and a new flag, while Dick's mother heard, with a snort of indignation, of the change of name from *Maria Jane*—her own—to *Emily Ann*. She and her cronies watched these proceedings with scornful eyes, and prophesied all manner of evil to come.

Carpenters, slaters, and plasterers busied around; chips flew, planes whirled, and the work of furbishing went on in earnest. His relatives stood watching in little groups with scornful faces the preparations for the incoming of the bride as Dick with a cartload of furniture drove proudly up, and some of the female cousins eyed with feelings akin to envy the brightly-painted green chest of drawers, destined, together with a real brass bedstead and a mahogany clock, amongst other treasures, to delight her eyes. Uncle Ben joined the onlookers, and smiled contemptuously on the preparations, but Dick held aloof from the crowd of inquisitors and sightseers, and, regardless alike of contempt and pity, worked away with a will.

At length the momentous day arrived, and amidst hurry and bustle, clamour and tinkle, well-wishing neighbours, cries of children, showers of rice and favours, a blushing bridegroom escorted home a happy, self-possessed bride.

Inside the door an unexpected visitor awaited them. It was Uncle Ben.

The young couple greeted him with dubious looks.

"Well!" said Dick shortly. The bride looked embarrassed, as though intuitively scenting trouble.

"Come yo' in peace?" said the mother-in-law grimly.

"I come in peace," said Uncle Ben piously; "an' I've brought you a wedding present," he added blandly, pointing to the table.

She and her cronies watched these proceedings with scornful eyes, and prophesied all manner of evil to come.

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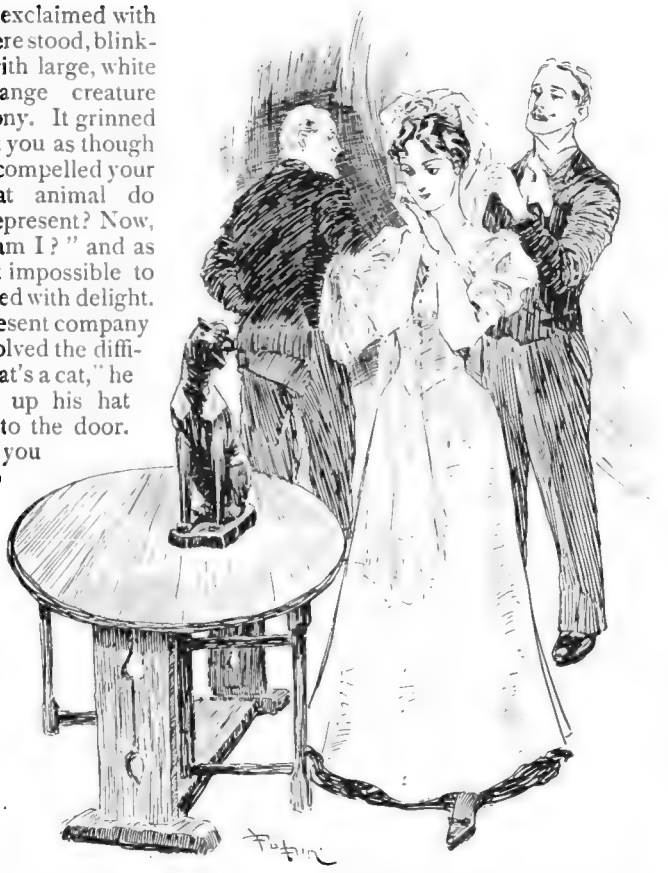
The bride exclaimed with delight. There stood, blinking glassily with large, white eyes, a strange creature carved in ebony. It grinned and glared at you as though asking, as it compelled your gaze, "What animal do you think I represent? Now, come, what am I?" and as you found it impossible to answer grinned with delight.

For the present company Uncle Ben solved the difficulty. "That's a cat," he said picking up his hat and edging to the door. "I thought you might like to have it. It's a historic animal. You'll find out all about it in the note," he added furtively, pointing to a much screwed and thumb-marked missive.



There stood, blinking glassily with large, white eyes, a strange creature carved in ebony.

Before they could turn to thank him, he had gone with a peculiar chuckle. Dick opened the note, perfectly puzzled. It ran thus:

"Dear nefew—and also neese,
On yore marridge
The akumpanying may interst yew, it waz brut over 2 England buy yore grate grate grandfather woo stol it frum a poré ethun an bad luk follod im it az bin kep shut up fore fiftye yeers fore bad az allays happnd wenevr it waz let owt.
it iz kalld the bad luk ov the bagnigges an az yew seem deturmind 2 go 2 the bad yore one way it seems an apropur8t prezent an iz ownli rite yew shuld av it."

Then came an outburst of poetry,

"As on Emly ann Jorgins yewr clene strány like smitten
Yew may as wel av this doggond kitten"
its kitten to rime but it should be kat.
Yore affecshun8 unkil
Ben.
may povrty cum 2 yew."

Dick's brow grew black and foreboding. Emily Ann burst into tears. "Oh, it's cruel!" she moaned.

"I thought the kindly-spoken old man meant mischief," smirked the mother-in-law.

Dick thought a moment.

"It's nonsense. Cheer up, lass!" he said. "They've only done it to hurt us. 'The Bad Luck of the Bagnigges' are you? Well, you're not good featured nor nice looking, somehow, but I an' my lass aren't afraid of you, an' we'll stick you up there," and he placed the figure on the mantelpiece. "I love my lass an' she loves me; we aren't afraid of either you, nor them," he said threateningly, "an' we means to prosper an' be happy in spite o' you." And he kissed the girl tenderly, who smiled through her fast vanishing tears.

But the black cat only grinned.

III.

Some months went by, all smiles and happiness. Nothing unusual occurred; no sign of the ill-luck associated with the ill-reputed cat, save an occasional joint would burn, or, perhaps, undercook, all in the way of matrimonial experiment. By and bye a rosy-cheeked, chubby, crowing baby joined the fireside circle, to delight the sturdy Dick on his return from toil, and gladdening the tasks of the mother, bringing a new and crowning beauty into her face, and sunlight into the eyes, and a soft tenderness into the voice of the proud young father.

"The Bad Luck of the Bagnigges!" and a fat, gurgling baby there, wriggling and

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kicking to the plaudits of his enraptured worshippers. And as the father caught sight of the Cat and glanced back at the baby he laughed for sheer merriment, and wheeled out to work whistling cheerily.

And the baby laughed back at the Cat, and the Cat even laughed at the baby, and at the absurdity of everything, which was always what the cat was doing—laugh, laugh, laugh—a silly, inane grin, that you scarcely knew whether to take as a friendly greeting or a threat; and whichever way you did take it the result was the same to the cat and to you, unless you lost your temper, which was absurd over a senseless piece of carved wood.

The setting up of the cat over the mantelpiece had been a nine days' wonder to Flitchwick. The few aged enough to remember the stories of its traditional past upheld their hands in horror as they told to many eager listeners how Captain Bagnigge, the Buccaneer, was said to wander round the Abbey Church in search of his head—some said his head, others said his wife, though if rumour is to be credited, it was a good day for him when he lost the latter, and for the world at large when a French cannon-ball carried off the former. Yet to the living memory of all sexagenarians, did not Dick's father lose all his nets twice running the one time he had taken it from its hiding-place in the cupboard, from whence its malicious influence seemed of no effect, and his grandfather was drowned at sea while it was smiling on the rest of the family from the midst of the Christmas decorations, for which purpose it had been specially brought out. No wonder the thing was deemed accursed!

Since then Uncle Ben, as senior member of the family, and as one used to foreign parts, had taken charge of it. Dick had forgotten its existence, as he did now, save as a reminder of his many happinesses born from such doubtful promise, and as nothing happened, the neighbours, too, ceased to regard it otherwise than as an ornament (a marvellous excess of charity!) and a striking example of the blindness of the heathen in far off lands for which purpose it was often loaned by request to the local missionary society's meetings; whence it returned bright and beaming as ever—having been the benevolent means of the collection of many pennies for their necessitous funds.

"The boat!" he said.
"The boat!"

So things went on, the family curse actually turned to a blessing and a religious boon—to strictly Presbyterians only—till one summer when Dick's sea harvest failed him.

Not a breath of wind—an ideal fishing sea—a ripple as of a shoal; Dick would put out and sail till nightfall without a herring. Then he would put out with the fleet; they would return loaded, while not a scale would cross his nets. Out alone with the same results. Now he always went alone, for his mates had come to regard him as a second Jonah, who spoiled the catch or stirred up a squall; always and always accursed.

Still he toiled on, early and late, just as cheerily, singing and whistling as though nothing was the matter. Came the rough weather, while the other boats were safely beached and housed, he roved the seas on the chance of stray catches with which to yet make the year's rent.

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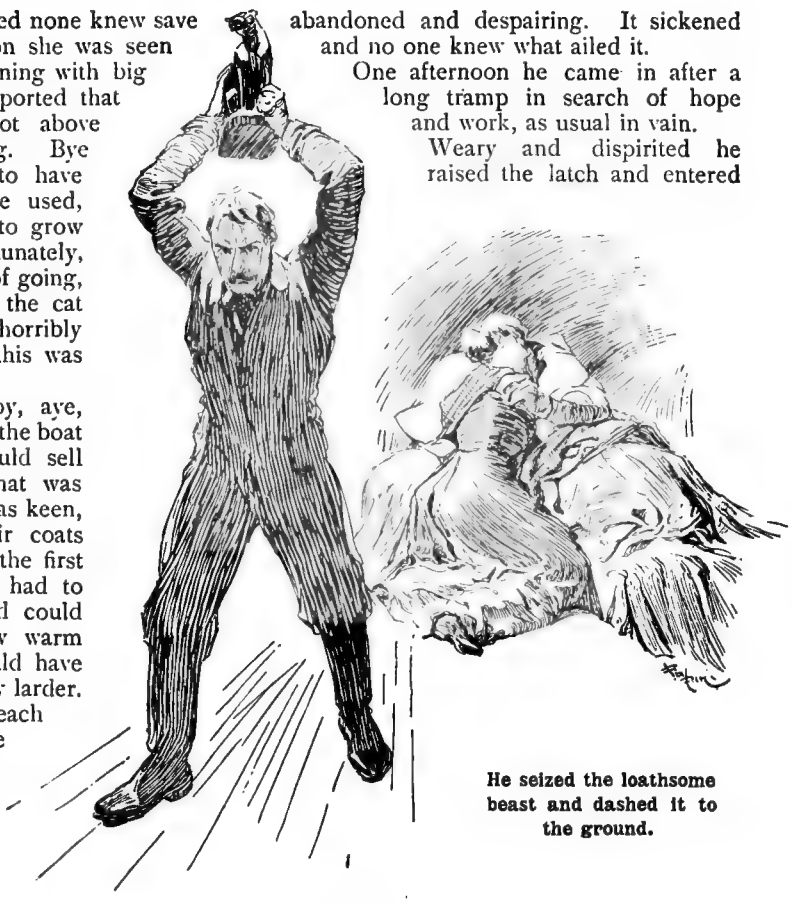
How the months passed none knew save the hopeful pair. Soon she was seen going to and fro at evening with big bundles, and it was reported that Emily Jorgins was not above taking in plain sewing. Bye and bye she seemed to have more washing than she used, and they both seemed to grow chary of visitors, who, fortunately, were now equally chary of going, while it was rumoured the cat had assumed a most horribly ferocious glare. But this was libel.

Still they were happy, aye, and defiant. They had the boat—at the worst they could sell that—and the child—that was priceless. The wind was keen, they only buttoned their coats tighter; they were not the first young couple who had had to pinch, and if the world could only have known how warm their hearts were it would have envied them their scanty larder.

Going down to the beach one morning on the chance of picking up something to do, Dick ran up against Uncle Ben. They had not met since the gift-bringing, over a year agone.



He seized the loathsome beast and dashed it to the ground.

"Morning," said Uncle Ben benevolently. "Fine morning! Things going well?"

"Going immense," replied Dick blithely.

"So I heard," murmured Uncle Ben sweetly. "Did 'IT' bring you luck?"

"Yes, thanks," laughed Dick, thinking of the kid.

"I thought it would," said the old man, and with that parting shot he hobbled off.

So the days wore on; the boat—it was winter time—lay useless on the quay, and he strolled up and down feeling pretty well as useless.

Not another penny to be earned with fishing till the next season, long ahead.

He saw his wife's face getting pale and thin, and she watched the bronze fade from his cheeks; they told each other bravely they did not mind, yet he would see the tears start in her eyes and she catch the cruel lines hardening round his mouth. The little one, too, caught the expression from their eyes, that hunted, not wanted look of the abandoned and despairing. It sickened and no one knew what ailed it.

One afternoon he came in after a long tramp in search of hope and work, as usual in vain.

Weary and dispirited he raised the latch and entered the cottage. The child was worse—its old enemy, the croup—and the distracted mother aidless. Across the moorland he strode, through snow and sleet, then down the town he ranged like one possessed, from place to place in search of the only medical attendant Flitchwick possessed.

He tracked him down at last—at last, and how long it seemed! Yes, he would go at once, but he shook his head when he heard how long the child had lain and feared it was little good.

The horse's head was turned and faced the driving sleet on that venturesome journey on which the little life depended. A broken man watched the gig-lamps flash away through the darkness, and with a cry that was a prayer, buried his face in his hands, then hurried the other way.

He woke from a daze to find himself at the quay; the wind was rising, but the snow had cleared. His own boat lay by the side. He wrestled, maddened, with the frozen

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tackle, got into her and cast off with her head to the wind, to sail any way, anywhere, only away.

The wind whistled piercing and cutting, the waters tumbled and roared; he neither felt nor heard; but drove the icebound tiller crackling round as they fled over the foaming, seething water. The storm increased. Suddenly he became sensible that the way to realise on a boat is not to drive her bottomwards first to Davy Jones. He tried to turn, and fought with the wind for the mastery, but the gale proved triumphant, and the little boat flew on before the fury of the storm. Now they were pitching from side to side—and now making for the shore.

Somewhere near he could see lights. He found a dry match and lit a flare, and then for dear life—that life he had regarded as nought but a moment before—he bent to the helm with one last effort, held it a moment, and drove staggering in. The next it was jerked aside, spun back, and he, flung into the surf and tossed to willing hands upon the beach.

"The boat!" he said. "The boat!"

"Ashore!" cried several voices.

Yes, there she was safely beached, but scarcely saleable. With a hole in her side it would take many pounds to repair. The men would have seen him to his door. He thanked them all, laughed wearedly, and then strode home.

The outer room was dark. Within he heard sobbing. Then, completely exhausted, fell senseless on the floor.

IV.

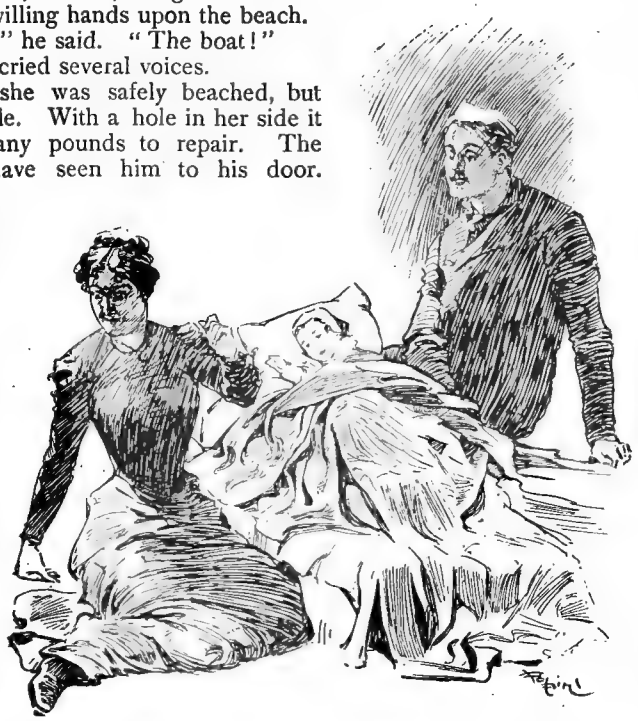
The winter sun was shining when he awoke, falling in a pale beam on the door opposite. He shook and trembled as he remembered the inner room, then with an effort and a faint shiver grasped the handle, and turned the door inward.

The child lay there white and still, a cross of wintry sunlight feebly playing from door to window across the bed. At the foot, a woman half knelt, half lay, her face resting on the clothes; the woman who had been sobbing the night before — his wife.

All, then, was over. He "thanked God all, then, was over." He turned, and his gaze fell on the Cat.

It still sat smiling, looking at the fair waves of the child's hair pillowed on his little white breast, and glinting golden in the sunlight.

With a groan and a cry he reached his hand across the mantel, seized the loathsome beast, and dashed it to the ground; then sank down by the couch head, sobbing big tears.



There it lay upon the ground in three pieces, and a shining stream of Portuguese moidores pouring out of its hollow bowl.

The crash awakened the mother—and the child. Through the mist of his scalding tears he seemed to see it smile and stretch its hand towards a yellow stream that flooded the carpet.

"The child is saved," said the mother joyously. But what had happened to the Cat?

There it lay upon the ground in three pieces, and a shining stream of Portuguese moidores pouring out from its hollow bowl. The Black Cat always was peculiar, but the child was well, and so it had some reason for smiling after all.

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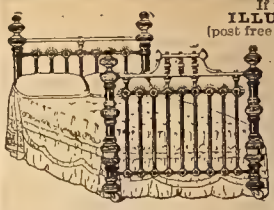

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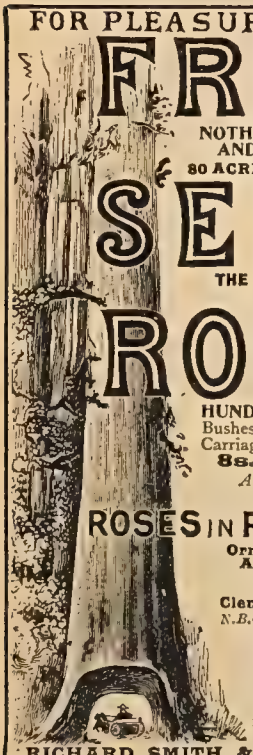

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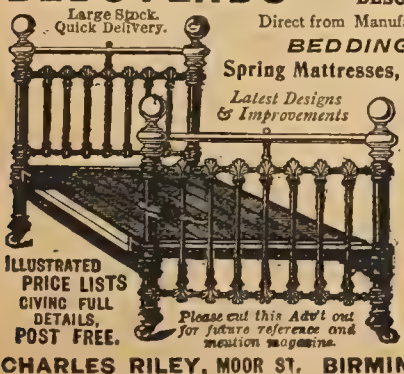

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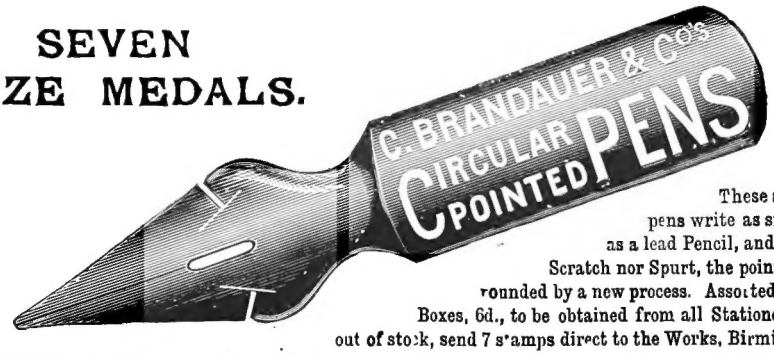

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